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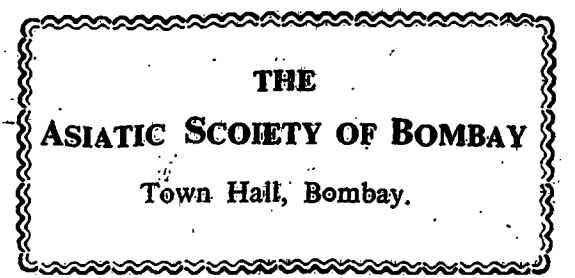

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PICTURES OF THE CHINESE,

DRAWN BY THEMSELVES.

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DESCRIBED

BY REV. R. H. COBBOLD, M.A.,

RECTOR OF BROSELEY, SALOP, LATE ARCHDEACON OF NINGPO.

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RICE BOWL AND CHOP STICKS

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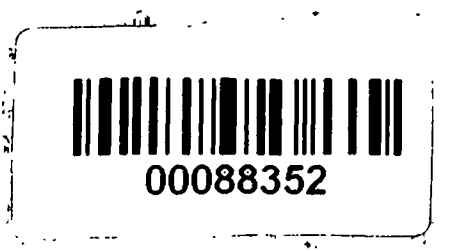
LONDON:
JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET.
1860.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NOTICE.

A RESIDENCE of eight years among the Chinese at the port of Ningpo, with frequent opportunities of travel in the province of Chekeang, enables the writer to offer this unpretending little volume to the English public.

The pen-and-ink etchings, contributed by a native artist, are not the least valuable part of the book. They are faithful representations of the Northern Chinese. The contour of the figures differs much from the prevailing type of the South, and affords a pleasing variety to the hackneyed form to which we have been accustomed.

The only figures of a foreign cast (for all without the boundaries of the province must be accounted foreign) are those of the "fortune-teller" in the sketch "Symbolism of Words;" and of the "phrenologist." Nor is this without reason. Persons who follow such professions are usually strangers. "The prophet without honour in his own country" is a world-wide proverb.

The descriptions which accompany the etchings are mere jottings of what has come under the writer's personal observation; in some instances notes of characters with whom he has been acquainted. Though very imperfect in all but the outline, they may yet give the reader a vivid picture of Chinese habits and customs; just as a simple pen-and-ink etching may prove quite as interesting and accurate as a more elaborate drawing.

PROSPECT RECTORY,
Nov. 25, 1859.

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THE INFALLIBLE REMEDY.

THE CHINESE AT HOME.

No. 1.

THE INFALLIBLE REMEDY.

TOOTHACHE is an universal plague. Every country has a special "nostrum" for its cure. China knows the plague, and China has a nostrum, which may well challenge all others for originality and efficacy. The quacks who in this case advance their specific are all women. I speak of them and their doings as I have seen and known them in the province of Chekeang. Whether they are found elsewhere in China I know not. The remedy they employ has never yet, to my knowledge, been published to the world; and we must not feel surprised if, after this paper has once got abroad, a shipload of these charlatans should be sent for, and make their appearance "one fine morning," in the Thames.

These female quacks maintain that the usual cause of toothache is a little worm or maggot, which has its nest in the gum under the root, and if this little offender can be driven or coaxed out, the gnawing pain will immediately cease. But how he is to be driven or coaxed out is the secret of their trade, the knowledge of which they confine most rigidly to those of their own profession.

We had not been resident many years in the country before we heard talk of these women and their wonderful performances, and as my friend and I took our customary walks together, our conversation not unfrequently turned their way. My friend stoutly maintained that it was all imposture; it was impossible, he said, that maggots in the gums or teeth should have escaped the observation of our dentists, who had examined hundreds of thousands, not merely of teeth, but of mouths for so many years. "So convinced am I" (he went on) "of the imposture, that I would not believe it even were I to see the maggots with my own eyes crawling forth from the gums." "Come, come," I said, "I am not such a sceptic as all that; if I really see a thing, and know there is no collusion, I believe it; besides, other *great discoveries*" (here my friend smiled) "have lain hid for ages, and have

quite unexpectedly been brought to light; and still more, how is it that some two thousand of these women find a livelihood in this Ningpo plain? are people such fools as to consult them when they are not suffering? and are they such dolts as to pay their much-loved money for what does them no good?" So we argued on, but our words were as light as the gossamer in their effects; neither of us yielded to the other's arguments. Soon after this we heard that the aid of these women had been called in by foreign residents; one lady especially, who had consulted a surgeon of H.B.M.'s ship ——, and had received no benefit, ready, in her distress, to try any remedy, *fortunately* heard of the fame of these women, engaged one of them to come to her house, and in a few minutes several of the little offenders were safely deposited in a wine-glass; and, what was more remarkable, the tooth-ache ceased for the time to trouble her. Still my friend would not be convinced. Others, again, moved by curiosity, pretended to have the tooth-ache, and these women plied their trade most profitably, drawing, as I was informed, at least twenty of these insects from the mouth of a good-natured captain of a merchant-vessel, whose teeth, from eating hard biscuit all his life, were as sound as a

child's of ten years old. The women quacks were not in the least disconcerted when they heard that the gentleman had never been troubled with the toothache in his life; they obviated this objection by saying that the teeth, decayed or not, had maggots in them, and that it was best to extract them at once for fear of after consequences. In order that no collusion should be possible, the precaution was taken of only admitting one woman at a time, who was previously searched all over by the mistress of the house. When called upon to exercise her skill, her arms were bared up to the elbow, and her hands were always carefully washed before operating. The same results followed, and still my friend would not be convinced.

A medical man in the place collected several of the finest specimens, and preserved them carefully in spirits of wine, intending to send them shortly to the United States for inspection. I heard one of Her Majesty's consuls assert with great vehemence that there could be no imposture in the matter, he could not possibly be deceived, for he had seen it with his own eyes. Still my friend would not give up his point, he would not be convinced.

One day we were sitting in our rooms, which

were opposite each other, puzzling over the intricate symbols of the native literature, with our respective pundits, or sien sangs, when we heard the well-known cry of these women—"che ngaw gong, che ngaw gong"—I at once called to the servant, "Ask her to come in." We gladly threw aside our books, and both rejoiced at the prospect of an experiment, for we had never yet seen these wonderful practitioners. The first to be operated upon was one of our teachers, suffering from an inflamed *eye;* for the same mischievous little worm causes both the teeth to ache, and the eyes to be inflamed. "This honourable teacher," we began, "wishes to consult you; we will be answerable for the reward of your skill. Look at his eye—do you know what causes that inflammation?" "Yes, it is a worm." "Can you cure him?" "I can." The teacher sat down, and the woman, having taken a bright steel pin, about the size of a large knitting needle, from her hair, and having borrowed an ordinary bamboo chopstick from the cook, proceeded to her business. We watched her narrowly. We were indeed much interested in the experiment; chiefly, because we hoped to set at rest our controversy, and also because we had promised her the munificent sum of three-pence

per head for all the live stock she captured. She held one of her sticks, the bamboo one, on the corner of the eye, and tapped it lightly with the other, changing occasionally its position. After a few seconds she called our attention with the well-known *naw!* and turning back the eyelid with the steel pin, she took up triumphantly a fat specimen of the tribe, about the size and description of a cheese maggot. This was, I confess, far from satisfactory. I thought to see the little creatures forcing their way out of the flesh; instead of this, the one now shown us lay quietly reposing on the surface of the eye-ball, certainly without motion, if not without life. My friend then said he had many decayed teeth, and wished to know whether he were a subject to exercise her skill upon; she said "decidedly; your teeth are very bad." He sat down, and I watched every motion of the hand and arm; and as one stick held on the tooth was tapped gently with the other, I was reminded of the way in which, as a boy, I used to get my worms for fishing. I found that by simply putting the spade deep in the ground, and by working it quickly backwards and forwards, if there were any worms within a yard of the place, they would all crawl out of their holes and lie on

the surface, and so I obtained them, with a tenth part of the ordinary trouble and dirt of digging. Well, before half a minute, the singular sound so well known in China, "naw!" came again, and this being twice repeated, my friend was rid of two intruders. It now came to my turn; the lady was driving a thriving trade, and an old hollow tooth was not to be resisted, so my friend now took his turn to stand and watch, while I submitted to the bamboo and steel tapping. His eyes were not better than my own; the "naw" again showed that prey had been taken. My friend, now almost in despair, and with that determination which despair alone, perhaps, imparts, armed himself with a pocket-handkerchief, and with Argus eye watched each time that either of the sticks was withdrawn, and carefully wiped it; he did this so pertinaciously, sometimes almost pugnaciously, when the good lady attempted, after a series of taps, to introduce the instrument again without being cleansed, that no more maggots would come out, and the quack doctress drew herself up and said, quite authoritatively, "that gentleman has no more." "Indeed," I said, "I thought to have given you an opportunity of making a fortune." We tried in vain to induce her to try her skill on

others of our household. No, she was immovable; the kerchief was too much for her; she persisted in saying that our mouths were all perfectly free from disease, and that we should never have the toothache again in our lives. But now we had to pay, according to promise, three-pence per head for each maggot in the glass; there should have been four, viz.: teacher with inflamed eye, one; my friend, two; myself, one; but instead of four, behold, there were *six* in the cup! As she saw we were rather angry, she was well content with her shilling; maintaining, stoutly, however, that on two occasions a brace had come out together, which we had not noticed.

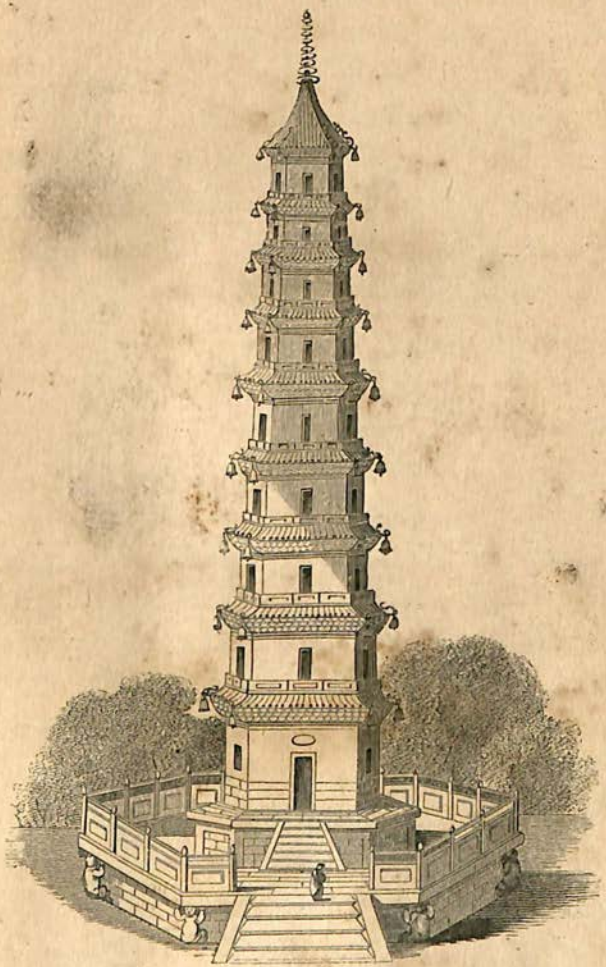
Now, strange as it may seem, this was the first real blow to the practice of these quacks in the place. We never could induce any of the sisterhood to come across the threshold of our house again; and, though they continued to attend other houses, yet, shortly after this, a bungling old woman, whose eyesight was getting dim, failed in her performance, and went away wringing her hands, and saying, "Ah, stupid, stupid, my poor old eyes are in fault, they have betrayed me!"

The specimens carefully packed in spirits of wine did actually leave the shores of China for

the United States; but, fortunately for the credit of the faculty, a letter arrived there before them, which prevented them from occupying the distinguished place intended for them on the shelves of a museum.

No one has ever yet discovered exactly how the trick is done; most of the natives seem to know that it is a trick, but there are still sufficient persons found willing to be deceived, or rather who resort to this remedy and find benefit from it.

Our engraving conveys a very truthful representation of this class of women: they are known by their long umbrellas, their small feet, and their very neat head-dress, and have the character of being well able to defend themselves if rudely attacked. The account goes that one kick with that club foot, and often heavy shoe of theirs, will send a man spinning to the other side of the road. I trust they do not often meet with such treatment as to make them try the experiment.



NINE-STORIED PAGODA.

THE DIVINER.

No. 2.

THE DIVINER.

IF, as the ancients said, *lucus*, a grove, were so called "*a non lucendo*," because no light shines in it, we might suppose that a *seer* was so called, because in the great majority of cases he saw nought, and the diviner would have his name simply because he divineth nothing.

The sapient-looking gentleman, who figures on the opposite page, is one of the supposed fortune-tellers in China. Their name is legion, and in these sketches a few of the more prominent characters of this class will be introduced.

When the mind of man is not enlightened by science and revelation, experience teaches us that it is a prey to various foolish and degrading superstitions. No wonder, then, that in a country like China, where science has made comparatively so little progress, and where revelation has scarcely yet diffused her faintest beams, superstitions of every kind should be rife. It is a genial climate and a kindly soil, in which they spring up

rank and luxuriant. The workings of natural laws are at best but partially understood. For example, the thunder, the fire, the earthquake, the eclipse, are supposed to be not so much subject to certain laws, as under the authority and control of some capricious deity. The ancestor or god of thunder, *luy-tsoo*, is worshipped with peculiar honours in the summer months, when storms are prevalent. Then crowds of earnest devotees besiege his shrine. The spirit of fire has innumerable votaries, who deprecate his wrath in the dry season of autumn. The earthquake is ascribed to the convulsive struggles of a huge tortoise to shift the earth from off his back. The eclipse is said to be caused by a voracious dog, in his attempts to swallow the orb of day. And though, with regard to the eclipse, there are some who know better, and if they cannot themselves explain the true reason, know that it has to do with fixed laws, and occurs at regular periods, noted in the imperial almanacks, yet the same excitement still prevails whenever the phenomenon occurs: gongs are beaten, and crackers are fired from every house to frighten away the hungry beast. And when the thought has occurred that through every city, and town, and village of the eighteen provinces of China

proper, the same gonging and squibbing was at that very moment going on, the mind could not forbear the conclusion, that in the popular esteem superstitious fear must still, when the signs of the heavens occur, be an uppermost and pervading feeling.

Nay, even in this enlightened nineteenth century, in the midst of a Christian country, and in the presence of an open Bible—when the march of intellect is supposed to have trampled under foot effete superstitions, as the British soldier has, by the help of God, trampled under foot the savagery of sepoy madness—even now witches, wise men, ugly or pretty gypsies, fortune-tellers of various grades, are earning a *decent* livelihood amongst us. Love-sick youths still consult the astrologer to ascertain their hopes of marriage from the stars: silly servant-girls still make up bundles of clothes (their own or their mistress's), weighted, if possible, with a piece of plate, a silver spoon or fork, to obtain dragon's blood, or some other charm, which is to operate in obtaining for them kind husbands, a comfortable home, and a sprinkling of children, as our police reports even for the present year have shown. And if these things exist amongst us, with our twenty thousand clergy of

the Established Church, and nearly as many of other denominations, battling more or less vigorously against them; with our mechanics' institutes, our oft-recurring lectures, our libraries and reading-rooms, and generally our educated men of all professions, aiming direct and ponderous blows at their destruction, we must not be surprised if China, with no such privileges and helps, still lies under the potent spell of superstition.

We find it, indeed, to be so, and especially in the particular line of fortune-telling. Man has an intense, and yet insane, desire to pierce into futurity. Having lost the true clue in this labyrinth of life, he seizes every random line which offers a pretence to be a guide in his perplexity. Hence, in China, shops which deal in the knowledge of lucky or unlucky days, which, from the horoscope of your nativity, cast your future lot: stalls, which allure the passenger to stop, that he may learn whether his intended journey or business will be successful, drive a prosperous trade, the keepers of them are clothed in silk and satin, and are often men of apparent refinement and intelligence. Again, you seldom enter a Buddhist temple without seeing some anxious face watching till one of the "sticks of fate" falls out of the

shaken box. This is then picked up and taken to the attendant priest for interpretation, or, if the man can read and is satisfied to trust himself so far in his own hands, he goes to the book wherein its explanation is written, and gathers from it for himself, or his parents, his wife, his child, or his business, what will befall them in the dark future. These sticks of fate are sixty-four in number, and they are a vulgar corruption of the sixty-four diagrams of Fuhhe, which are supposed to contain an inexhaustible fund of occult wisdom.

But we are letting our figure stand all this time, and are not paying him that attention which no doubt he thinks he deserves. He holds in his hand a short ram's horn, divided longitudinally into two parts, and, by casting these down before him, he can judge by their configuration, the direction in which the point or the base of the horn turns, either towards any particular quarter, or towards each other, what your destiny will probably be. Once, when on my travels, I came to a road-side temple, where one of these split ram's horns was kept for the benefit of the traveller. Many on this occasion were trying their fortune; some, if they met with what they esteemed rather a bad-omened configuration, said with great *naïveté*

that they would try again, as it were "appealing from Philip drunk to Philip sober;" some went away with pleased looks, who had obtained at the first throw the hope that their journey or business would be prospered. So I went among them and said, "By your leave, seniors, I will have a throw with the ram's horns." They looked surprised that a foreigner should imitate their customs, for they generally know that we argue against all such superstitious usages. I took the horns, and, with considerable force, *threw them away*. "There," I said, "that is the best throw to make; such things belong to *seay keaou*—corrupt religions. You ought to have nothing to do with them. Don't your own books tell you that the fear of Heaven's law (*Hwuy Teen ming*) is the first great principle? Do what is right—trust to the guidance of Heaven—and you will be far removed above all such nonsensical observances." They were not angry; indeed, they take in good part all such exhortations, and usually end with, "Your words are right; what you say is quite true." I said they ended here; but no, I wish they had. They ended by going and picking up the split ram's horn, and putting it again in its place; and so I moved on, and the folly that I left behind me still lived to

mock me. Follies and vices do live to mock earnest men, and sadden their hearts; but they shall not always live: they were born in time, and they shall die in time. Truth alone existed before the worlds, and shall live after them. In the words of no mean writer, "Great is the truth, and mighty above all things; it endureth, and is always strong—it liveth, and conquereth for evermore; she is the strength, kingdom, power, and majesty of all ages. Blessed be the God of truth."

CHINESE JUGGLERS.

ICE HOUSES NEAR NINGPO.

STREET SINGERS.

No. 3.

STREET SINGERS.

THE original heading of this picture, as given by my Chinese artist, is "striking the flower drum." For the information of those who do not understand the Chinese idiom we must say that flower or flowery (for the position of the word alone determines its genus) is put for anything gay, and frequently means that which is not only gay and pleasing to the eye or senses, but sometimes also that which is dissolute and vicious. Thus "a flower boat" is a boat for a party of pleasure, used frequently by the Southern Chinese for an occasion of revelling and vice. A flower chair is the sedan chair used on occasions of a marriage festivity; flower guns are guns for purposes of amusement, namely, squibs, rockets, and fireworks generally. The meaning of "a flower child" would never be guessed by the English reader; it signifies nothing more than a beggar, most probably because beggars are usually a vagabond people, leading a wretched abandoned life. The Chinese beggar, like

European brother, notwithstanding all his hardships, greatly prefers his liberty with an occasional feast, frolic, and dance, to the toil of honest industry. I have myself in China clothed, fed, and housed a starving beggar boy, who ran away from me directly he was asked to take a spade and dig for an hour in the garden.

The women in our picture are a kind of beggars, and as they play sprightly, exciting music, and sing gay and almost indecent songs, and I fear live frequently a corrupt life, they are called those who "strike the flower drum." The drum is not the only instrument they employ, but this is put generally for all other kinds of music. One of the figures is seen holding a small drum and a little slip of bamboo as drum-stick, the other has a tiny brass gong, and as she strikes her "flower gong," she deadens the sound with the other hand, to prevent the prolonged clang of the metal from drowning the words of her song. The little child carried on the back shows the ordinary method employed by beggars of stowing away their children when they are too young or too tired to follow their elders on foot.

These street singers are not seen all the year round, they only appear on New-year festivities,

when more licence is allowed. Generally there is great decorum in the public streets, the eye is never pained with those painted and bedizened figures which nightly throng our thoroughfares. Our artist has not failed to exhibit with great accuracy the head-dress and general costume of the Chinese women. They vary much in different localities. In the northern provinces, with which I am most familiar, the woman, from some unknown cause either of diet, climate, or mode of tonsure, invariably becomes bald on the front and top of her head by the age of thirty years. This deficiency would seriously interfere with her good looks, and spoil the little beauty she possessed, were it not compensated by a large ornament of false hair, which spreads out from the back of her head like a butterfly's wings.

Women of the class represented in our picture affect long nails, which are a recognized sign of refinement. We are now so familiar with the large embroidered sleeves, the loose jacket, the rich skirt, and the lace-fringed trowsers of the native women, that these features of their costume need no description. Beneath the last peep out the little feet (*how* little only actual observation will make us believe), which are the mark of birth, breeding, and

elegance. A foolish fashion, and nothing else, determines the shape and size of the foot, and as half a century ago the smallest waist was the boast of the rival beauties in the English ball-room, and the theme of admiring gallants, so now among the Chinese the tiny foot is of itself a sufficient index of elegance of life; it is of more importance in the eyes of a suitor than a pretty face, and is everywhere the particular vanity of gay society. Our street singers have not neglected to employ this as one enhancement of their personal charms. But we will leave these beggars, for such they are, and vicious beggars too, to sing their New-year's song, and to earn their New-year's fee, wishing them only for the future a better and more honourable occupation.

MANDARIN IN A SEDAN-CHAIR.

THE BARLEY-SUGAR STALL.

No. 4.

THE BARLEY-SUGAR STALL.

THIS will be a tempting paper for children, who may like to hear something of comfits, barley-sugar, and sweetmeats on the other side of the globe.

A sweet tooth seems to be Nature's commonest gift; for where is the child that does not gaze, with watering mouth, on the gay lozenge-bottles in the confectioner's window, and whose little hands do not clap for joy when Everton toffee is in process of boiling in the pot, or hard-bake simmering in the oven? I have often noticed longing eyes watching the pan of boiling sugar at the corner of some thoroughfare, or under the porch of some well-frequented temple in China; and as the desired consistency was attained, the sugar-stick drawn out to the proper thickness, the elegant spiral twist given by a dexterous movement of the hand, and as the long scissors snipped the transparent and fast-hardening stick into convenient inches, I have seen the young urchins who were fortunate

enough to possess a few cash, come forward and eagerly seize the treasure. Not having graduated as a sugar-boiler, or comfit-maker, I cannot describe, as I should wish to do, the many processes by which the various tempting sticks or cakes are manufactured. I shall only say that I have always much admired the talent, which out of a little sugar, a few walnuts or almonds, a little grated ginger or other spice, could bring forth such variety, both of shape and colour, and such pleasing taste to the palate. Certain I am of this, that if one of these confectioners could only make his way with his stall and cooking apparatus to the corner of Regent Street or Pall Mall, he would not have to struggle on wrestling with poverty, but would soon be able to return to his native land with a fair competency for life. You notice that the figure in our sketch has two baskets, or rather tubs, the one containing his goods in the form of sweetmeats of various devices, the other the fire-pans and implements necessary for their manufacture. When he moves from place to place, that short pole which is resting by his side is laid upon his shoulder, and a tub hangs on a hook at either end. Listen! He is striking with a flat piece of brass his little sounding gong, which, with its

clang, clang, clang, invites customers. Each trade has its own particular cry or call, some vocal, some, as in this case, instrumental. See! an urchin, whose fingers are evidently so burnt with the money that they can hold it no longer, is running forward to make a purchase. You may tell he is very young, for his tail is not yet grown, his head is entirely shaved, save two little tufts of hair, which are twisted and bound up into a soft horn, and ornamented with a piece of crimson silk. Though so young, yet he has his own mind about his money, and very likely will prefer giving that funny-looking wheel in front of the sweetmeats a turn, to know whether he is to have double the worth of his money in sugar, or none at all. The gambling spirit is even strong in infancy, and though the chances are that the sweetmeat-seller will gain, yet he cannot resist the temptation; only think, if he should get two pieces of sugar instead of one! If he loses, he will stand there watching while others take their turn; if he wins, he will run home delighted with his success. Children are children all the world over, they will have their fun and frolic, the sweet tooth can never be pulled out; if it could, what would become of the poor lollipop-makers!

CHINESE VASE
ENAMELLED WITH ANIMALS.

THE PHYSICIAN.

No. 5.

THE PHYSICIAN.

IT was quaintly observed to me the other day, that for the practice of medicine you "did not want to know what was inside a man." The meaning of which simply is, that symptoms of disease are of more importance to be known than the disease itself. For the sake of Chinese practitioners, I trust that this saying is true, for they certainly do not "know what is inside a man," nor have they any correct notion where the different internal organs are situated. That which always amuses our exact anatomists is the *scheme* (for I can call it nothing else) of the human frame in Chinese drawings. The heart of man is where every one thinks it ought to be, in the centre, and the other organs range themselves round it, like ministers of state attending on their sovereign. There is an even balance of power, resulting from the idea of order, which holds so prominent a place in every Chinese mind. But it is not as surgeons

and anatomists, but as physicians that we have now to do with them.

Healing is with them most decidedly a *science;* they have indeed their quacks as we have, but the regular practitioner is one who treats diseases according to certain rules, and who never puts patients to torture or to death, save strictly *selon la règle.* I fear that I shall convey to the reader but a poor idea of the native physician's art, and that my talented native friend, who gives me such telling pictures, will find this one but feebly illustrated by my remarks. The fact is, that the Chinese practice of medicine is not easy for a foreigner to understand; for the system on which they found their modes of cure has no parallel with that of our own country. I must, however, make an attempt, and if I fail, my friend the artist must try and wield the pen with as good effect as he has wielded the brush.

In the fourth moon a great stir is visible in all Chinese cities. You are constantly meeting with men clad in brick-red garments, with manacles on their hands; children sometimes appear attired in the same strange fashion; on inquiry, we learn that this is the ordinary prison-dress, and these men call themselves, and teach the children to call

themselves "culprits." Gangs of them may be sometimes seen passing rapidly through the streets, wildly dangling their hand-cuffs and chains. On further inquiry, we learn that these, young and old, are persons who have been visited with some sore sickness during the previous year, and they come in this humble "culprit" guise to return their thanks to the deities who have helped forward their cure. These deities are about to be honoured with one of the grandest feasts held during the whole year. Thousands of pounds are annually expended to do them service. I cannot now describe the extent and magnificence of this pageant, which distinguishes the fourth month of the year from all other months. I may only just say that each of the five deities has a retinue, which would be no mean appendage to a sovereign's triumphant march; and that the beast of good omen, the dragon, figures in the rear of each compartment of the five-fold procession. What I want to tell the reader is, that these five deities are the gods of the five elements, and that their power to heal diseases depends upon the *fact*, that man's constitution is composed of these five elements, mixed up in him in different proportions, so that if all remain in harmony he is in health;

if any one predominate so as to have undue ascendancy, his system is deranged, and he suffers. The five elements over which these deities preside are King, Muh, Shwuy, Ho, Too, which five words mean respectively Gold (or metal), Wood, Water, Fire, and Earth. Now I think the reader will agree that, in order to understand a system like this, we have to get rid of many preconceived opinions, and he will not expect me therefore to give a very full, lucid, or satisfactory account of its working.

It is, however, intimately connected with our physician, who, in any derangement of stomach, has to ascertain which of the five elements is preponderating, and then to counteract its influence by proper antidotes. I may throw a little light on the subject by stating that a native friend of mine used to be very much concerned to see me eating so much roast meat, till he observed also another habit, which set his mind at rest about me. He thus expressed himself: "Senior, I used to be distressed when I saw you eat so much roast meat, but now I see why it does not injure you; you drink large draughts of cold water, so that the fire is put out!"

This is the orthodox system of medical treat-

ment; and a foreign physician, who does not adopt a little of their phraseology, has but small chance of success in gaining and keeping patients.

It matters, in fact, little whether you say a man has fever, and you will give him a fever powder, or that the element of fire predominates, and you must give him wood or water, as the case may be, for (as I confessed above) I do not understand the intricacies of the system. "The proof of the pudding is in the eating," is a proverb which will apply to medicine as well as to cookery.

It is true we hear of strange remedies, such as stags pounded and made into pills, which, if the horns were included, I should consider a weak decoction of hartshorn; and who knows but the bones may have similar virtue to the horns; yet such as these are, after all, only quack medicines, and do not belong strictly to the profession.

I have myself no mean idea of Chinese medical skill. It would not be safe to compare it with the advanced state of the science among western nations, but their doctors are decidedly skilful, and, what is more, successful in their treatment of many complaints.

We had a youth in our employ whom we sent down to Hong-Kong for his education at the

college, and he was returned to us with a letter, saying that he could not possibly live three months, that climate had nothing to do with the complaint, but that he had been sent back that he might die among his own friends. This was the opinion of two European medical men, who had been consulted for him by those under whose care he was placed. A quaint old doctor, quite a character in his way, took him in hand; his prescriptions were to be checked, if necessary, by one of ourselves. After a short time, he began slowly to recover, and the native physician had the impudence to say that if one item of his prescription had not been omitted, he would have been by that time perfectly restored. I must confess to the crime of having consulted occasionally a native practitioner, and, as it is a rule with me not to seek advice without the intention, at least, of following it, I most conscientiously allowed the prescription he gave me—not the piece of red paper, gentle readers, on which it was written, that were an easy matter,—but the "150 pills twice a day," which the chemist made up to order. A dose of Chinese medicine is quite a curiosity, it is about the size of half a pound of moist sugar, and consists of twenty separate little packets, four or five kinds of bark, a little orange-

peel, some walnuts, some gentian and half a dozen other roots, a black treacly mass, not unlike a small cake of blacking; these are all boiled together, and a good half-pint of the decoction is to be taken, *quite hot.* What would the "small dose" and the "single dose" of Homœopathy say to this? The Chinese physician confines himself entirely to his calling; he examines the diagnosis of the disease, writes you out a prescription, which you take to your own chemist to be made up. The lowest fee for a visit is 60 cash, or about two pence; and the coolies of the sedan have also to be paid. The fee advances by 60 cash at a time, so that 60, 120, 180, 240, &c., are the rates, according to celebrity; *very* seldom, however, is a single visit charged more than 180 cash, or sixpence.

When you consult a physician, his mode of proceeding is this: he lays your hand on a soft cushion, feels your pulse at *both* wrists, asks your age, and the symptoms of your indisposition, looks you attentively in the face, sapiently strokes his moustache, and then writes out with that paper and ink, which you see by our engraving is ready prepared, the prescription which you are to follow. Many of these physicians have great celebrity in the treatment of certain diseases; they have possession of

family secrets which have been handed down for many generations.

No previous examination is required to qualify for practice. The field is entirely open. It is thought that no restrictions are necessary, but that people may be safely left to their own choice of a physician; and if they suffer, it is their own fault, and they must blame themselves. Sometimes a compact is made to cure for so much money; in case of failure, nothing is to be given beyond the mere price of the medicine taken; but this belongs rather to the quack than to the regular practitioner. I have known a case of mental derangement (which our doctors could not touch) undertaken on these terms, which proved eminently successful. The sum of five dollars only was asked, two of which were deposited for cost of medicine, and the other three were to be given on the patient's recovery. Cases bordering on the ludicrous have not unfrequently happened, where the hard-hearted physician and the eager parents or friends of the patient have been heard bargaining by the hour together about the sum to be paid for the cure.

Our quacks have much yet to learn; a visit to such a country as China would do them good.

THE BUDDHIST PRIEST.

No. 6.

THE BUDDHIST PRIEST.

THE bare-legged, bare-footed figure in our sketch has travelled many a weary league in carrying on his work. His province is to beg—not for himself, but for the monastery to which he belongs Every large establishment of this kind has priests of different ranks and different occupations. Supreme over all is the abbot, or superior, who has his own private apartments, dines, except on great occasions, at his own table, and enjoys a comfortable income. His duty is to entertain distinguished visitors of the monastery, to administer its revenues, to watch over the due performance of the services of the sanctuary, and to regulate and enforce its discipline in the priests committed to his authority. In the execution of his duties, he has the benefit of an assistant, as sub-prior, who also has his own private apartments, and who attends to minor matters of detail. Subordinate to the abbot and his assistant are the ordinary priests, the greater part of whom employ their

time in lounging about; some, studiously inclined, frequent the library, and pore over its voluminous contents; some are engaged in cultivating the fields and tending the forests with which the monastery has been endowed; some, again, are the cooks of the establishment, and display no mean skill in the preparation of their vegetable cuisine; others, either singly or in pairs, start forth from time to time on a begging expedition, when money is needed for the repair of the buildings, or when an unusual influx of priests or unpropitious seasons have made the inmates feel the pangs of hunger; and all, in rotation, take part in the frequent and regular chaunted services before the colossal figures in the central hall.

Buddhism in China is not what it once was in power and influence. The monasteries which we now see were the creation of an age which believed in this religion; some of them are the monuments of imperial zeal. But this faith seems now to be gradually dying out; its sacred edifices are falling into decay, and no new temples are rising. The priests are generally uneducated men, and held in great contempt by the gentry. Imperial patronage, too, is wanting; the present sovereign of the country is either unable or unwilling to raise and

endow new foundations, or even to restore and maintain those which his forefathers erected.

In the many monasteries which I visited, I can call to mind but few which indicated, by the care bestowed on them and the strict observance of the rules, that there was reality in the members, or which contained men of superior intelligence. Priests of earnest mind will often heave a deep sigh over the degeneracy of the present age.

In Buddhism there is no distinct order of "begging friars," but, as need arises, a few are chosen to travel through the country and collect subscriptions. In their journeys they are received and lodged by the brethren in other monasteries, who, by a law of the order, are bound to extend to them for a stated time such hospitality. They visit alike the houses of the rich and of the poor, and usually bring the artillery of their arguments to bear upon the weaker sex.

A wallet at their back receives the contributions of the charitable—generally in the form of a little cooked rice, all animal food being prohibited according to the terms of their religious vow. They are the most strict vegetarians in the world, and have not the art of drawing the subtle distinctions between meats discovered by some religionists, or

of discovering the essential difference between beef, mutton, and poultry, and salt, butter, eggs, and fish. A piece of common cake, if it contain a particle of either lard, butter, eggs, or milk, is most heretical food; a piece of cheese would be an unpermitted delicacy; a glass of any fermented liquor, a gross violation of propriety. Even the onion is disallowed as too stimulating; the milder and more innocent leek must flavour their porridge.

The priest, as he journeys, gives notice of his approach by striking his *muh-yu*, which is fastened round his waist, as represented by our artist. This curious instrument is also used in the temples as an accompaniment to the prayers, and no one can ever forget the peculiar hollow sound of tapping which issues from the Buddhist monasteries. Some persons are moved by pity to bestow a little rice, or a few copper coins, on a poor old man; others see in him far more than a mere famished beggar, and remember that "he who helps a priest forward on his way, or contributes to the support of a monastery, performs a meritorious deed, which will tend to advance him in the next world."

The mendicant friar is generally chosen for this function from his superior "sanctity;" that is, because he has devoted himself in a marked way to

the duties of his monastic life, and is able, through personal conviction of their value, to recommend the prayers and austerities of his system. He will frequently leave with any whom he finds more susceptible of religious impression, some charm, some little scraps of yellow paper, which are thought to be influential in the unseen world, furnishing a viaticum for the fortunate possessor; he will sell a string of holy beads, or leave behind a manual of devotion.

The priests of Buddha, with the exception of a few filthy devotees, have all the head shaved, wear a loose yellow robe and very large stockings, the sign (they say) of an easy temper. Some of the more austere practise self-torture; their shaven head is seen disfigured by the marks of burning, or their hand has lost one or more of the fingers, which have been charred to the stump. This mutilation is very abhorrent to Chinese feeling; "not to deface the body which our parents have bequeathed to us," is a primary maxim of filial duty. The infliction of such mutilations is not, however, always attended with the degree of pain which might be expected. I remember to have seen a priest with two fingers which had been burnt down to the second joint in the flame of a candle, and on

my looking horrified, and expressing my surprise that he could have endured so much agony, "Oh!" he said, "it was hardly any pain at all: I first tied the finger so as thoroughly to numb the extremity, and then gradually burnt it away." Here is genuine Chinese character. This man would have credit for superior sanctity, without going through the fiery ordeal necessary to that sanctity. "What a degenerate worm," methinks I hear some Hindoo fakir say; "I glory in my agony, it makes atonement for my sin."

How remarkable a difference is there in the power of that wondrous faculty of the mind—conscience! The poor Hindoo devotee is distracted, agonized by the sense of sin: the calm, cold-blooded, worldly Chinese is able to cover all over with the salve of self-complacent propriety. Which of these two types of character will prove the more genial and receptive soil for the seed of Christian truth events only can disclose. The luxury of saving one's self is not readily foregone; proud man does not like to be so indebted to a Divine Benefactor. But, on the other hand, which spiritual battery shall make any impression on this sand-bank of the sensual Chinese mind? Who shall effectually teach the death-cold secularist the higher interests

of life, and persuade him earnestly to pursue them? Buddhism has tried, but has failed in retaining its hold on the popular mind. Its monasteries are crumbling away, its priests are illiterate and poor, its religious influence is waning; over the women of the country only, and the aged in their dotage, does it retain any power. The human mind, as it awakes from its lethargy, can never be satisfied with the fables of the Buddhist priests, with their anti-social system, their irrational teaching of the transmigration of souls, and ultimate absorption into nonentity. Buddhism has, indeed, succeeded in awakening the conscience, in inspiring hopes and fears of another state, and in so far may have paved the way for the introduction of Christian truth; but it has not been able to furnish the great example of a man alive to all the instincts of humanity, nor to declare the higher and essential truths of spiritual religion. We may therefore be allowed to express our hope and belief that the day is not far distant, when the great facts of Revelation shall exert their power over the millions, now ignorantly and vainly seeking for rest in Buddhist superstitions.

MENDICANT PRIEST OF BUDDHA.

假髮先生

THE COLLECTOR OF REFUSE HAIR.

No. 7.

THE COLLECTOR OF REFUSE HAIR.

TO what strange shifts and expedients are many driven by the hard pressures of life to earn the means of barely supporting existence! Any one, who is acquainted with the lower phases of London life, is well aware that thousands scrape together a living out of the dust-heaps in Paddington. Some in rags, some in bones, some in street manure, some in scraps of tin and iron, find support for themselves and their families.

Man is not responsible for his natural powers, nor is it any disgrace to be so deficient in intellect as to be obliged to follow a mean employment. No toil debases man save that which injures his moral character.

Our picture presents to our notice one of the meanest of Chinese callings; and in the refuse hair-gatherer, our artist has not failed to give you a specimen of humanity in one of its lowest forms. But even such a case as this is not without its interest. From the maker of wigs, false beards, and

moustache, and from the worker in ornamental hair generally, such a calling may justly attract observation. Without the aid of the poor hair-gatherer, how should that fashionable young man, who, Absolom like, prides himself upon his hair, and yet unlike Absolom has but little of his own to boast of, appear in proper guise before his compeers in society? How, again, shall the coy maiden find, unless by the same help, those magnificent "butterflies' wings" * of glossy hair, which ornament the back of her head? But I have unwittingly anticipated: by this time the reader surmises the functions of our friend going his wearisome rounds with his light wicker-basket. He is either buying or begging all the refuse combings of the women's long black hair, which others, skilful in their art,

* The "butterflies' wings" are the highest ornament in hair with which the Chinese are acquainted. They are always worn by the women to increase the apparent bulk of hair. A little sketch of them, drawn from life, may be of more interest to the reader than any mere description.

CHINESE WOMAN'S HEAD-DRESS, SHOWING THE "BUTTERFLIES' WINGS."

make up into tails, either to supply a need which unfortunately may have arisen, or to increase the proportions of that which nature had too sparely bestowed. As you pass down a Chinese street, you will occasionally see a shop where were sold long switchy horse-tails; such, at least, they long appeared to the writer of these sketches; inquiry at last dissipated the delusion; appearances answered to their proverbial deceitfulness, and these long-switch tails were formed of the refuse combings collected by our persevering friend, and hung in the shop ready to be braided into the usual queue worn by the men.

My mistake as to the true character of these queues is less strange than it may at first appear; the hair of both Chinese men and women not differing very perceptibly from horse-hair. In fact, the hair of the Chinese people is singularly coarse, arising partly from the custom of shaving the head immediately after birth, and continuing to do so at intervals for two years. I am sure that if a single hair were pulled from the head of a Chinese, and from a black pony's long tail, very little difference between the two would be found.

These are the only purposes, to my knowledge,

to which these sweepings of hair are put. No sentimental youth wears a watch-guard made of the loved one's hair; no parent wears the ring or brooch, enclosing the glossy lock of the much-loved child; no gentle sister's arm is encircled with the bracelet, woven with the hair from the fair head, now laid low in the dust; to Chinese hearts all such refinements are unknown; for refinement and delicacy of feeling are the products of Christian civilization, which has not yet shone on the land of the children of Han.

It may surprise the reader, especially if he be a barber or hair-dresser, that I have said nothing about wigs, false beards, and moustache. The fact is, that wig-making is another refinement of which the Chinese know nothing. If there be ever so small a portion of hair on which to attach a tail—it may be only the "grey hafflets" of old age—this necessary appendage is affixed; but if nature has deprived altogether of hair, the head remains in unsightly baldness. Beards also, and moustache, are only used in the mask of the play-actor, and have but little art expended on their construction. We do not, therefore, find merchants travelling through the provinces of China, as they do through those of France and Germany,

for the purchase of heads of hair from the peasantry. A simple queue of braided hair is a widely-different affair from our fashionable wigs. The colour is universal, the very name by which the people call themselves is "the race of the dark-hair" (*le ming*), and, save in length and thickness, one Chinaman's queue is very much like another.

CHINESE GENTLEMAN AND SERVANT.

PILGRIM-SHAPED BOTTLE,
ENAMELLED WITH BUTTERFLIES.

THE COLLECTOR OF PAPER SCRAPS.

No. 8.

THE COLLECTOR OF PAPER SCRAPS.

WE are here introduced to a subject of much interest, though it may not altogether engage our sympathy. All have heard of the great respect paid by the Chinese to learning. This respect is even extended to scraps of printed or written paper. In nothing is the peculiarity of this strange people more conspicuous than in this: while we freely use up for any purpose all refuse paper, the Chinese most diligently guard it from abuse. It is not, as is sometimes argued, that they reverence scraps of old paper so as to idolize *them*, but that they venerate so highly the gift of a written language as not to endure that a single word of it should be profaned. No act of foreigners exposes them to such severe criticism and even censure, as their carelessness about the use of paper covered with writing. How (it is asked) can you endure to see a piece of paper lying in the dirt, which may have on it the very name of the Supreme Being? I well remem-

ber that there was on one occasion a serious stir among the members of the native churches, and the question was raised, whether they should not unitedly address foreign missionaries on the subject of their improper use of printed books. There were other of our customs sufficiently repulsive to them, but with these they could bear; the profaning of printed paper, however, was a barbarism which even they, the Christian natives, thought should be resisted. It is very difficult for us to realize the intense feeling which this matter has excited; and if ever there was a case where the apostle's rule not to eat that which offended his brother applied, it would be this. No one denies that their feeling is a right feeling, though we may justly think that it is carried to excess. The possession of a literature seems to be that one gift which most of all distinguishes man from the other animals. Natural appetites, speech, and, to a certain extent, reason, or its counterpart, instinct, they have in common with us; but the power of recording past acts, of giving permanency to the thoughts, of conveying, by the mere arbitrary stroke of a pen, very difficult and complex ideas, seems most of all to distinguish man from the brute creation.

Some of the native Christians have tried to frame

excuses for the abuse of our own paper. They have said, words do not necessarily mean to foreigners what they mean to us; for example, "man" with the foreigners is nothing but the three letters m, a, n, and these letters mean nothing till they are put into a sentence, and made to have a connection with other words; while with us the word man is a symbol which, wherever we see it, expresses at once to the eye and mind the idea of a human being. Such excuses are well meant; but they will not reach our case. If we are in fault, this will be found but poor salve with which to heal the sore. This may appear a frivolous matter to us, but it is really a very serious one in China; and it will not do to regard with contempt prejudices so strong as this. I believe that our reputation for civilization and refinement has suffered more from this cause than any other. It is not thought possible that we can have anything worthy the name of a language or a literature, if we permit books, or portions of them, to be trodden under foot, or if we wrap up dirty parcels with printed paper, or even wipe off with it ink or dirt from the table. Every scholar keeps in his study a waste-paper basket, which is accurately represented in the hand of the figure standing at the door of his house; this,

when in use, is hung against the wall, and receives from time to time the scraps which have been scribbled upon, or any, even the smallest, piece of waste-paper which contains only half a letter of writing. When the cry of the man with the large baskets, *King sih sze tsze*, "Revere and spare the printed paper" is heard, then he will go or send his servant to the door, and empty the contents of his basket into the light and capacious skep of the collector. This collector is usually employed by a company of scholars; as in this case the letters on his little flag inform us that he belongs to the "great literary society." The paper thus collected is burnt in a separate fire-place, often erected in the side court (the kitchen stove is too profane a place) of a temple; and by the more strict scholars even the ashes are not allowed to become the sport of the four winds, but are taken to some tidal or running stream and emptied into the waters. In the city of Ningpo, distant only fifteen miles from the sea, I have known them put in charge of a trusty servant, floated down to the mouth of the river, and then cast into the strong ebb tide, that they might mingle with the waters of the wide ocean, and be effectually saved from all fear of profanation.

THE WINE-CARRIER.

No. 9.

THE WINE-CARRIER.

CHINA will be peculiar: while she makes as much fermented liquor as any nation, she knows neither beer from malt, nor wine from grapes. If her poets praise her wines, instead of the luxuriant, purple-clustered vine, the dull, prosaic *no-me* rice must be their theme. A considerable breadth of land in the vicinity of all large cities is sown with this particular grain. The blade is of a rich dark green, which distinguishes it from the common rice, and it is harvested somewhat later than the ordinary crops. This rice, when prepared, is remarkably large, soft, and white. Besides its use for wine, the grain, boiled and pounded, is made into white cakes, which are moulded by the hand into every imaginable device, and slightly touched, where necessary, with vermillion or other rich colouring.

China is emphatically a sober country: though her wine is cheap, sound, and good, though there

is no tax upon it, and no restriction whatever in its sale or manufacture, though nearly all persons, both men and women of all classes, freely use it, but few comparatively drink to excess. A drunkard reeling through the streets—which is a very common disfigurement of life in our cities—is a rare sight, even in her great seaport towns. During a residence of many years, at one of these seaports, I can only call to mind a very few instances of intoxication.

This wine or spirit—for the word (*tsiew*) means any fermented liquor—is of two kinds, one made by the simple process of fermentation, called the *laou tsiew*, or old wine, the other a spirit distilled from this called *seaou-tsiew*, or by our soldiers and sailors at Canton *samshoo*. The former is drunk at every meal. The distinction which obtains among ourselves, of breakfast, dinner, and tea, is not found in China, nor is it the habit of her people to sip tea, coffee, or chocolate with their meals. The only beverage taken with the meal is this *no-me* wine; tea is used before or after, but is never brought on the table at meal-time. The wine is served up hot, in metal pots like a small cocoa-pot, is poured into chinaware cups, and a constant supply of the heated wine comes in, as it

is needed, from the culinary regions. The guests sit at square tables, whose proper complement is four persons, though at crowded entertainments six, and even eight, can find room. The master, at his own table, pours out the first cup of wine for his guests, and when all are filled, each raises his own cup, inclines his head forward, and bows to the others, and sometimes touches his cup with the host's in old-fashioned English style. At the other tables there is usually a strife who shall perform this office. The youngest almost always prevails; and the duty, by common consent, devolves upon him. There is no religious ceremony observed—no libation to the gods—as in the feasts of the ancient Romans.

Though, as we have said, the Chinese are not addicted to drunkenness, yet they consider it a great mark of excellence to have a large power of drinking wine. This they call the *tsiew leang*, or wine-capacity; and it is a common compliment to tell a man that his "wine-capacity" is great, and to urge him to swallow large potations. A story is current among them of a great wine-drinker, who was able to sit on all the day at table, and after consuming what would have been sufficient to drive the reason out of half-a-dozen

men, would rise up perfectly sober. The Emperor, hearing the fame of this deep drinker, asked him to dinner, that he might test his marvellous powers. As the story goes, the king had ordered a hollow figure to be cast in bronze, of the exact size and model of this man, and as the wine was served, for each cup that the guest drank, a similar cup was poured into the opening on the top of the head of the image. This went on for some hours, until at length the bronze statue *overflowed*, while the guest continued at the table and rose from it perfectly sober!

The Chinese have the idea—which is found also elsewhere—that persons of great talent are frequently gifted with very strong heads—that such as Johnson or Pitt could never really be made drunk; potations which would drown weaker minds in inebriety, having, as they think, no effect but to elevate the spirits of powerful minds. The jars which contain the wine, and in which it is sold by the manufacturers, are represented in the picture. They are slung in a slight wicker-work frame, and are carried by a short pole over the shoulder. The earthenware of which they are formed is of a coarse kind, and the jar is fastened at the top with hardened clay; a seal is then stamped at the

surface, which gives the brand both of the vintage and the manufacturer.

The distilled spirit, or *samshoo*, is never heated; nor is it drunk with the ordinary meals, but is brought on the table in hot weather, and served with biscuits, or some slight repast in the middle of the day.

The common wine is not unlike a dry Sherry or Cape, and is a pleasant bitter, provocative of appetite. It will not bear the admixture of water, and needs no preparation, save heating over a clear charcoal fire. Either from peculiarity of soil which affects the quality of the grain, or from the difference of water, or superior skill in the manufacture, some places very far excel others in their reputation for good wine. That of Shaou-hing, a few miles south of Hang-chow, is the most noted in the north-eastern provinces. This wine is much approved by the people generally; nor even to the European palate is it distasteful, when use has somewhat habituated us to the flavour. Some of our most admired wines are hardly palatable to the uninitiated: use only familiarizes us to the flavour, and an acquired taste leads us to praise them. The ancients used to flavour their wines with salt water, and impregnate them with pitch,

resin, turpentine, and other aromatic ingredients, after which they placed them in the *fumarium*, or smoke-kiln, to ripen them, and impart to them a smoky flavour. This practice is in part followed by the modern Greeks, which makes their wines most unpalatable to all but the natives. Nor are we altogether clear of the charge of a vitiated palate—much of the peat-smoked whiskey is made up to suit the depraved taste of the southerner.

Wines made of fruits, especially of the peach, are occasionally found at the tables of the rich. Sometimes, by private individuals, a kind of noyeau is made by steeping the sliced rind of the pommelo fruit in the strong spirit, and then softening its rough flavour with sugar; but in a hundred feasts, taken at random, no other wine would be served than the ordinary *laou tsiew*, made of the *no-me* rice, which has been described above.

挑燈龍売

THE LANTERN-SELLER.

No. 10.

THE LANTERN-SELLER.

THE chief fault of this drawing is the fewness of the lanterns. The artist has felt obliged to omit more than one-half, in order to bring his picture within reasonable compass. Imagine a thronged thoroughfare, eight feet in its extreme width—much narrowed, however, by the projecting sign-boards of the shops, which are pendent from under the low eaves—and then you will allow that our friend, with his frail cargo, has achieved no small triumph when he has safely piloted his way through the bustling crowds. It has often occurred to me that the lantern-seller, with his light, yet enormously long and cumbrous burden, was a forcible illustration of the mildness and patience of Chinese natural character. Down the street he goes, occupying within a few feet its extreme width, unable to see clearly a-head of him, and yet, beyond an occasional mishap, when at a sudden turn he runs foul of some heedless pedestrian, he

steers clear of all obstacles, and deposits his load safely at the warehouse. The lanterns here represented are those in ordinary use as hand-lanterns at night; they are in an unfinished state—in fact, mere skeletons—made of the finest possible slips of the Chinese householder's friend, the bamboo, intertwined so as to form a fine network. They are nearly oval in shape, slightly flattened at the top and bottom, which are both open. The bottom is fitted with a spiked socket of wood, on which the candle is fixed. From four points of this socket four wires run, which are bent and fastened together through the open top. On the spiked socket the candle is fixed, and, by means of this wire, the lantern is carried on a short hooked stick. The fine network of bamboo is covered with transparent oil-paper, and then painted—sometimes with grotesque devices, sometimes with objects of nature, sometimes with a simple motto, but most frequently with the name of the owner and his residence, in red letters. In China there is no gas; and, save the occasional glimmer of a poor oil lamp, equivalent to a miserable rush-light, at some gate or bridge, the streets are quite dark; therefore, no one thinks of steering out at night without his lantern. Even at the time of full

moon, a prudent man will not venture abroad without it.

A thronged thoroughfare, or a busy wharf, at night presents a curious scene to the stranger's eye, though, like everything else, it ceases to attract notice when once it has become common. There multitudes of gay lanterns are seen dancing along, backwards and forwards; some borne by the chair-bearers, who make their way with marvellous rapidity through opposing obstacles; some dangling easily in the hand of a quiet son of Han, who is on his way to or from a friend's house. In case of a dense crowd, some servant, presuming on his master's authority, will thrust himself forward with the cry, "Make room for the family." Sometimes, by means of the lantern as representative of the house, intimidation is offered and sums of money are squeezed out of a timid and wealthy citizen. The lanterns of foreigners' houses have not unfrequently been used for this purpose; for great is the fear still of the weight of the arm of the family of the Red-haired.

The lanterns now described are those in ordinary use. Besides these, there is a great variety of all sizes, shapes, and materials. In large houses and mandarin offices an immense round lantern is used;

the framework made of thicker slips of bamboo than the others, and not, as before, intertwined. This is usually covered with thin gauze, has inscribed upon it the name of the family or the office, and hangs in the centre hall of the house. On occasions of festivity—such as marriage-feasts—the hall is hung with hexagon or octagon-shaped lanterns of carved mahogany, ornamented at the angles with silk tassels, and covered partly with transparent paper, elegantly painted with scenes of landscape or historical figures, and the lower part bound round with crimson crape. There is, besides, a more durable kind made with horn, instead of paper or gauze. This, however, is clumsy, and but seldom used. The makers of these lanterns work up the thin transparent horn in various devices, the most common of which is intended to represent a carp; the scales of the fish are pieces of horn dyed red, the head is highly ornamented with coloured glass or precious stones. These are seldom found even in the houses of the rich gentry; for they are expensive, and indeed more ingenious than elegant.

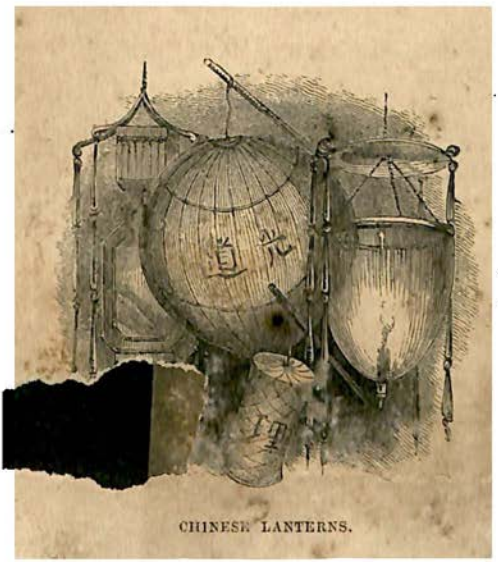
It is, however, at the "Feast of Lanterns" that the greatest variety is displayed; and ingenuity is then taxed to the utmost to devise quaint forms of

animal life. Then you may see children,—some with rabbits on wheels, some with a fish suspended from a little stick, some with a fair lady in green appearing from an opening muscle-shell; some, again, with the gay-winged butterfly, or the green locust; some with a nondescript and very formidable-looking animal, something like a tiger. For a week previous and subsequent to the day of the feast, these appear in front of their houses playing with their pretty illuminated toys. It is on this occasion that a peculiar kind of lantern is seen, which does not make its appearance at other times. It is called the *tsow-ma-tung*, and deserves a notice for the ingenuity of its construction. The draught of air caused by the heat of the lighted candles within causes the rapid revolution of an horizontal wheel fixed on a pivot. This wheel has light and almost invisible threads of silk attached to different parts of its circumference, and they are fastened again to the loose heads, arms, legs, &c., of figures of men, women, horses, insects, &c., which are portrayed on the outside. As the wheel revolves, the threads will of course raise their legs, arms, wings, &c., which fall again as it slackens; so that we have ladies and gentlemen bowing to each other, horses prancing, birds flapping their

wings, and various similar ingenious movements. The dexterity of the contrivance is shown in the regularity with which the threads work; they never become entangled, but will move night after night, for a month together, without getting out of order. The best of these are rather expensive; but as they are only intended for occasional use on this feast, they are seldom made with that profuse carving and ornament which causes the larger lanterns of the Chinese to reach some tens, or even hundreds, of dollars in value. As this is a great time of festivity, the exterior of the house, as well as the interior, is illuminated. This is often done by means of the "centipede." It consists, like its fellow, the "dragon," of a number of large lanterns strung together. It is then hung on a tall pole, and as the long body sways to and fro in the wind, the peculiar wriggling movement of the scolopendron is accurately represented.

When the animal of good omen, the mild and majestic "dragon," is carried in procession, each joint of his huge frame is formed by a lighted lantern set on a pole, and carried by a man. As the long many-jointed beast winds about in the villages, and rears his head, terrible with open jaws, amid the clang of gongs, and the fizzing and cracking

of squibs, and the shouts of an excited populace; one can but feel that he is sojourning in a strange country, and is brought into contact with strange scenes.



CHINESE LANTERNS.

CHINESE BOOKSELLER.

THE TAOUIST PRIEST EXORCISING.

No. 11.

THE TAOUIST PRIEST EXORCISING.

TAOUISM, like some other religions of the world, has degenerated into a vile superstition. We recognize in its present form none of those great ideas which stamped its first appearance. It seems to be literally rotting away from within—tumbling to pieces by its own decay.

Originally Taouism was contemplative; it studied retirement rather than action, and, like its rival Buddhism, taught that the most perfect man was he who retired most within himself, and kept furthest aloof from all the interests of social life.

In its first great utterances, made by its founder, Laou-tsze, the immediate forerunner of Confucius, we hear tell, in simple yet grand language, of some invisible principle (called Taou) which, while itself existing alone, pervades in its secret influence all things, absolute and undivided, without motion, will, or form.

This same ancient classic has startled Europeans

by the use of language similar to that of the apostle John, the more so as the term Taou is equivalent to his *Logos*, or Word: "All things (it says) were made by Taou, and nothing made that was not made by it." It has also amazed some Christian divines by speaking of "the three pure," by which some have been led, with greater haste than judgment, to assert that the doctrine of the Trinity was known and taught in China for at least five centuries before the Christian era.

Few, however, even of the Taouist priesthood, now understand or enunciate its principles. What Chinese Buddhism is to the original teachings of Gautama, such Taouism is to the original utterances of its founder. Its priests pore in secret over the works of a mystical and unreal alchemy; they worship, with solemn services, certain stars which control the destinies of life and death; they hold converse with the dead; they deal in potent spells and incantations—and so pander to the vulgar taste in its cravings for the marvellous.

Taouism, as at present in action, is best described by an individual example. When any member of a family is dangerously ill, and other remedies have failed, a bevy of the priests of Taou is called in, that they may exercise their art in expelling the

evil spirit, which is supposed to have taken possession, and to be feeding upon the body of the sufferer. Nothing is more common than, on passing a house at night, to hear the drums and flutes and loudly-chanted prayers proceeding from the centre hall of the dwelling. On entering, you would see loose-robed priests, wearing high black caps, with solemn mien, performing unintelligible acts of mystic ritual. The noise of these worshippers is to us most distressing; and it is a wonder how the sick person can endure, for several hours in the night, such a continual succession of most discordant sounds, finished up soon after midnight by the firing of hundreds of small crackers, the report of large popguns, the clanging of gongs, and the bellowing of huge conchs. He is probably reconciled to it by the belief that he is receiving benefit, and that the evil spirit will by these means be expelled from his body.

The whole service is a curious mixture of bribery and intimidation. Food of various kinds is plentifully provided, and spread in the house; and certainly, if the spirit were in any way allied to flesh and blood, the rich pork, and sappy eel, and well-cooked poultry, might be supposed to have more charms than the lungs, or heart, or intestines of a

diseased human being. The old proverb, however, "de gustibus," &c., still holds good; the laws of taste are not amenable to logic; and lest the spirit's morbid appetite should still induce him, raven-like, to prefer as food the human subject, the noisy squibs, and clanging gongs, and potent spells of prayer are employed to intimidate and drive him away from his usurped tenement.

Our engraving represents one of these Taouist priests in the act of thus exorcising a spirit. The young man kneeling by his side has come to consult him on behalf of a sick parent or relative; a charm, consisting of some scroll of mysterious writing, signed, it may be, by the prince of demons, is lying on the stool in front of the table. The *muh-yu*, found in all Buddhist temples, which is struck rapidly when prayer is recited, is ready to his right hand. He is dipping his finger into a cup of tea, and is about to sprinkle it in a circle before him. His manual of prayer is open by his side; two red candles are burning on the table, which is furnished with a hanging of yellow silk or satin. Both the worshippers wear their hats; for in China, as generally throughout Asia, the head covered with the hat or turban of ceremony is a sign of respect.

Were we to judge from their outward demeanor, we should say that these persons were, many of them, much in earnest; and like Dr. Livingstone's rain-makers in South Africa, that they were not wilful impostors, but rather have first so thoroughly deceived themselves as to believe that they are not deceiving others. This is the only way in which we can satisfactorily explain many of the phenomena in the religion of heathen nations.

The ramifications of Taouist superstition are very intricate, and only one thoroughly initiated in the mysteries of this faith could adequately describe them. To us they appear a mere tissue of absurdities; and if we ever have patience to pursue our inquiry on any particular point to the end, we find that, phantom-like, it eludes us just when we seem to be grasping it. The firm strong hand of science clutches at it, and it proves a shadow.

How far there is any reality about these various superstitions in heathen lands, and how far the personal agency of evil is employed in them, will probably continue for a long time open to discussion. In my opinion, wilful fraud or irrational credulity will account for at least nine-tenths of all supernatural marvels.

When I see pamphlets by educated men, clergymen of our own Church, written to prove that table-turning is a reality, and hear them profess to have held actual communication, by means of a manipulated table, with the spirits of departed men, I am not surprised to find that the power of holding conference with the unseen world is claimed as a real power by Taouist exorcists. Necromancy is a subject which, in every country and in every age, has had its advocates—it is still practised in America, in England, in France, in Germany, and probably many other countries even of the Christianized world; and the Taouist priests naturally take advantage of the belief of the Chinese people, that communication with the dead is practicable, and willingly help them to extract secrets from the region beyond the grave.

I must not conclude this paper without mentioning a most remarkable fact about modern Taouism. In the province of Keangsoo, the head of this religion holds his court, and exercises a wide-spread, and most extraordinary influence, almost rivalling that of the Pope with his college of cardinals. Before any deity in the Palladian temple of any *Heen* city throughout China can exercise his functions, he must receive his appointment under the seal of

this spiritual ruler. When we remember that these cities, more than 1200 in number, occupy different centres throughout the eighteen provinces of China, or in other words that 360 millions of people come more or less under their influence, and that these Palladian temples more than any others, on every new and full moon, attract the worship of the people, and that the mandarins go chiefly here to worship, we may gather an idea of the significance of the fact we have in one brief line above stated.

The person who holds this office and disposes thus of his spiritual patronage is called *Tseang Teen sze;* that is, his family name is *Tseang,* his name, which descends to that one of his children who is to succeed him in office, is *Teen sze,* or "the messenger of heaven." For more than a thousand years has this family been exercising their ecclesiastical functions. One of the commonest stories about him is, that he has control over certain malignant spirits which enter the bodies of women and cause grievous diseases; these, on accusation made against them and on payment of a sum of money, he is bound to exorcise.

Many other marvellous tales are related of this man and of his doings—tales which provoke a smile, and would seem fit matter for ridicule and a butt

for the shafts of satire, were they not so implicitly believed.

I have often longed to wander off in the direction of this arch-priest's sanctuary, and try whether the huge jars in his court, which are said to contain these spirits, would bear heretical sight and touch. I have also often longed to know whether the mark on the body, which distinguishes that one of the family who is to succeed his father in his office, is visible to mortal eye; to test, in short, any one of the thousand miraculous powers assigned to him. Such a journey would, however, be profitless. I should, after all, see or learn but little more than I have seen or learnt. The chanting of prayers, the offering of cups of tea or wine, tables covered with food, scrolls of mysterious writing, genuflexions and manual signs, would meet the eye and ear; and when told that some spirit of evil had been exorcised by these charms—that some idol had received his spiritual promotion—I should still be obliged to draw upon my faith for assent. It is the Master's hand alone that can put together the disjointed puzzle of the human mind. Taouist and Buddhist fables will be alike believed till the pure faith of the Gospel exercises its rightful dominion.

THE BLIND SEER.

No. 12.

THE BLIND SEER.

THIS is a touching picture. It is the type of a large class of persons in China. Blindness, a malady from which no country is wholly exempt, is peculiarly common in the land of Han. The frequency, however, of this affliction, is not to be attributed to any special climatical influences, nor to anything in the habits of the people; but rather to neglect, or to ignorance of sound curative methods when the eye has been attacked by disease. Her people neither gaze upon eternal snows, nor have they to traverse boundless plains of scorching sand. If China be far behind the medical science of Europe in the skill of her oculists, she has, however, long anticipated Christendom in finding scope for the exercise of the mental energies of the blind. Systematic efforts to impart education to this class are but of late date in Europe. With the glorious exception of the hospital for the blind, founded in Paris about the year 1260, by St.

Louis, for the relief of his soldiers who lost their sight during his Egyptian expedition, little had been done for the blind. The general inefficiency and moral corruption prevailing in this hospital led the philanthropic Haüy to attempt to do for the blind what the Abbé de l'Epée had done for the deaf and dumb. By his efforts a noble institution was founded, in which those who were thus afflicted were taught the most useful arts and sciences of civilized life. Within the last fifty years various institutions have been opened, with more or less success, in the different countries of Europe; and now France, England, Russia, Holland, Denmark, Germany, and Switzerland can all boast similar hospitals or schools for the blind. Before that period their condition was lamentable indeed. Being taught no trade, they were compelled, if poor, to become common beggars in the streets; and if removed above such a misfortune, they were yet completely dependent upon others for the cultivation of their mental faculties. Consequently, those vivid perceptions, which the very loss of sight stimulated into action, remained, save in a very few cases of rare talent and energy, altogether unimproved. In China, however, as we have said, this class of persons had, from a very early period,

found scope for the exercise of their mental powers. Whether from that extraordinary clearness of intellectual perception which usually distinguishes the blind, or from their attention being no longer distracted by outward and visible objects, they have been supposed to possess the power of looking into the unseen world. Hence, as our title suggests, the corporeally blind has become, in the Chinese estimation, mentally a seer. This is, indeed, their recognized and legitimate calling; and, without any of those refined appliances which have been devised by us and other nations for the teaching of the blind, they have managed, from dictation or mutual instruction, to commit to memory several volumes which have reference to their secret art. The memory of the blind is proverbially strong; a remarkable instance of which is given by one of the Jesuit missionaries, who relates, that in Japan the records of the country are committed to their care—in which case a digest, at least, of the whole history of the country must be stored in their mind.

Our picture accurately represents one of these blind seers, led by a little boy, going his rounds in the pursuit of his profession. Those few Chinese words, written on a board and suspended from his

viol, state that he will "truly prognosticate, and use no satanic deception." He would be regarded by a stranger as a mere beggar; for beggar-like he thrums his guitar, and makes melancholy music to attract the notice of the bystanders. Blind beggars there are among the Chinese; but they do not employ the viol or guitar, they only sit or kneel on the hard pavement, striking their forehead on the ground, and uttering doleful cries of distress to excite pity and obtain relief. The fortune-teller having thus elicited attention, is frequently invited to a house, and there, after hearing from the family the matter upon which information is desired, and submitting a few needful questions, he will take up his guitar, and gradually becoming inspired with his theme, will pour forth, in disconnected passages from his books, or in wild rhapsodies of his own composing, those thoughts which are to guide the family to a solution of their perplexity. The matter of consultation is of course as varied as are the phases of human sorrow and anxiety. Very frequently a relation, it may be a father or a husband, has been a long while absent, and no tidings of him have been heard. Domestic anxiety is therefore relieved, and bright hopes are suggested by the outpourings of prophetic song. Occasionally,

however, there seems to be a foreboding of calamity, and then dark and dismal are the strains by which the coming misfortune of the house is foreshadowed. When children are born blind, or have become blind in their early infancy, they are most frequently apprenticed to their seniors in the profession, and commit to memory those stores of recondite learning which the master imparts out of his own mental treasury. First a line, then a page, then a chapter, and then a volume, is laid by in that capacious repository; and by the age of thirty, or even before, they are prepared to go forth and earn their own livelihood. A blind seer who stands high in his profession is in easy comfortable circumstances; he usually occupies a room fronting the street, and makes his calling known by means of a sign-board, trusting to the passers-by for employment. I have frequently conversed with such blind seers, and found them very intelligent, and fully answering to their proverbial character of mental activity. They listened with marked interest to the story of the Redeemer; and I could but feel that had their eyes been opened by His gracious hand, they would, as in the days of His human ministry, have followed Him gladly in the way and sung His praise. A few blind persons

who have come under the influence of foreigners are being taught to read their own mother tongue. By private liberality a manual is now in course of preparation for teaching the dialect of Ningpo by the embossed books; while at the same time that great public benefactor, the British and Foreign Bible Society, is preparing the Gospel of St. Luke for their instruction in the elements of Divine truth. We can only say of all such efforts for the alleviation of the poor and afflicted, whether at home or abroad, may God speed them, and direct them to a favourable issue; and even if those efforts result not in the success anticipated, may they at least return with a blessing into the bosom of their advocates.

THE BLIND DIVINER.

No. 13.

THE BLIND DIVINER.

DR. MORRISON says, "the Chinese have two methods of divination: one by means of sixty-four slips of wood, the other by casting three coins from a tortoise-shell box."

The former of these is very common in all Buddhist temples, and is resorted to daily by thousands of people; the latter is seldom seen in the north, it may be more frequently employed in the south of China. The number of these "sticks of fate" (as they are sometimes called) is determined by the eight times eight, or sixty-four enigmatical diagrams, which form the basis of that most ancient and perplexing of all the Chinese classics, called the *Yih-king*. Consultation by means of these is one of the commonest incidents of the Chinaman's life, when he feels perplexed about the unknown future, and is anxious to dive into its dark secrets. The box in which they are contained is formed of a section of bamboo about

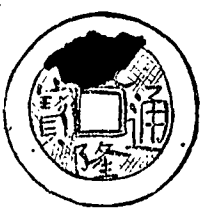
eight inches high; the knot in the stem forms a natural bottom to the box, the top is left open. The "sticks" are thin smooth slips of bamboo, about ten inches long; on each of them a short sentence of doubtful import is written, in which the answer to the inquiry is supposed to be contained. The person consulting takes the box in both hands, stands in the presence of the idol whom he has invoked, and by whose kindly influence he looks to obtain a right answer of guidance in his perplexity; he then shakes the box rapidly, turning its mouth gradually downwards, till one or more of the slips shows a tendency to separate from the rest, and to leap out. After a minute or so, the shaking being more and more carefully performed, one of them works its way beyond the others, and falls out; the rest are immediately tossed back, the slip which has fallen to the ground is picked up, and by the sentence inscribed upon it the desired answer is obtained. The method of divining by arrows, alluded to in Ezekiel's prophecy (Ezek. xxi. 21), has by some been considered a similar mode of divination to this. They imagine that the polished shafts of the arrow had each a significant sentence inscribed, and by *drawing* one of these

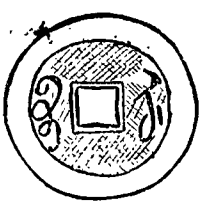
from the quiver, instead of shaking them out in the manner described above, the needed direction was obtained.*

Our picture represents the second method, performed by means of three copper coins cast upon the table from a shell box. This coin called *Tung-tseen*, or copper money, is the only issue from the Chinese mint. These coins vary much in size and appearance, some being about as large as a farthing and well-executed, others again not bigger or thicker than a sixpence, [redacted] es rough, and the inscription almost illegible. They are all pierced with a square hole, by means of which

* There is an interesting note on this subject in the "Illustrated Commentary on the Old and New Testament." (Charles Knight & Co., Ludgate Street.) On the sentence "He made his arrows bright," in the 21st verse of the 21st chapter of Ezekiel, the writer remarks: Here is a clear reference to the very widely diffused ancient superstition of Belomancy, or divination by arrows. The most common process was to mark a number of arrows with the names of the nations or places, which were the subject of consideration. The arrows were then shaken together in a quiver, and the marks on the one first drawn forth decided the preference. Not unlike it was a method in use among the Arabs. The arrows were three in number: upon one of them was written, "Command me, Lord;" upon the second, "Forbid, or prevent, Lord;" and the third was blank. These were put into a bag, which was held by the diviner, by whom also the lot was drawn. If the first was drawn, it conveyed an affirmative response; the second intimated a negative; and when the blank arrow appeared, a second drawing was made.

they are carried, a thousand on a double string, divided off with a simple knot into hundreds for the convenience of counting. Each coin has on one face the name in Chinese of the reigning sovereign, together with the date of its coinage, and on the obverse a sentence in *Manchow*, to show under whose yoke of authority the nation at present subsists. The accompanying sketch gives both these faces.





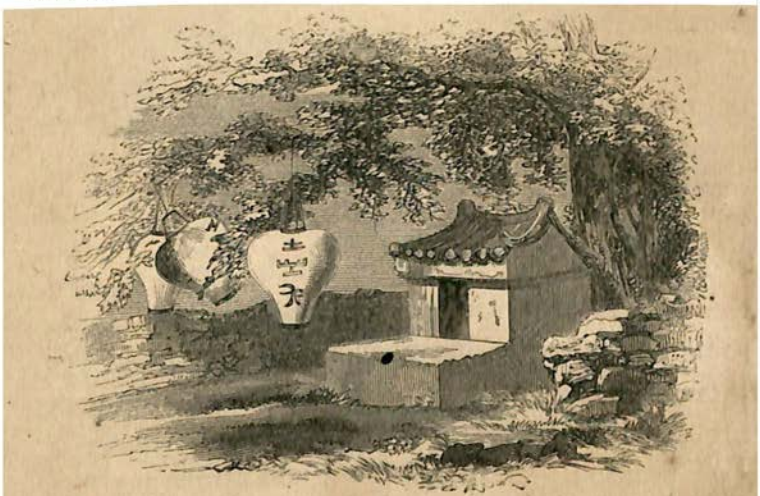
By means of these "*cash*" (for such is their foreign name), the blind man of our picture is prophesying of things to come to the meek and rather stupid-looking youth, who has come to consult him; and not a little influence will the few words, uttered by the blind seer, have upon his fears or hopes of the unknown future.

In the former sketch I have more fully described the occupation of the blind, and the means by which they usually obtain their living. I will only say here, that the divining-room of these seers, or

diviners, is seldom empty. The mind, unguided by the pole-star of Revelation, and ever tossed upon the sea of doubt, gladly makes for any haven that promises rest, and deludes itself into the belief that it finds it in these prophesyings of ignorant soothsayers. The anxieties of life afford occasions enough for the employment of the soothsayer and his arts; and if history and experience tell us that Revelation itself has hardly sufficed to eradicate from men's minds the irrational and unholy cravings of superstitious curiosity, should we be surprised to find them rampant among the votaries of Buddha, and the worshippers of dumb idols? The small bronze censer, containing fragrant sticks of incense, is always placed (as in our sketch) on the table, between the two candlesticks. This incense is the invariable accompaniment of every religious ceremony, and is found constantly burning before every idol shrine.

At the back of the table, which stands against the wall, are the usual hanging scrolls, containing some sentences bearing upon the diviner's art. In this case the words run thus: "Before you consult the diviner, you are already three-parts master of your position. In determining and arranging, first reckon the means you have in hand," or, in other

words, "count the cost." Such sentences are certainly eminently safe, well leavened with not a little worldly wisdom, reminding us of those oracular responses from ancient shrines, where either some general principles of action were laid down, or some answer of ambiguous import was framed. Alas! how hard does it seem to induce man to fight his way to the noble responsibility of thought! How easily and naturally does he betake himself instead to omens for good and evil, obtained, as in the case of our sketch, by the configuration of the three copper coins cast by the diviner on the table!



A ROADSIDE ALTAR.

THE NEEDLE-MAKER.

No. 14.

THE NEEDLE-MAKER.

POPULAR tradition in England has informed us that the Chinese make their needles by filing down iron crowbars; and the fact is referred to as an illustration of their patience and perseverance. The Chinaman who heard this would doubtless feel that we were complimenting him upon the possession of some good qualities at the expense of others; for in commending his patience and perseverance, we should not say much for his ingenuity and contrivance.

Probably a hoax was played upon some simple-minded foreigner, who, as he passed down the street, took notice of that common sight, a man engaged in filing an iron rod, and gathered from him the interesting information that a needle would be the eventual result of his toil. Worse mistakes than this have been made; for instance, Monsieur Huc tells us, with great gravity, that the people in the north of China *gamble for their fingers* when all their money is gone, and that the losing party

deliberately chops off one of his digits with a small sharp hatchet, cauterizes the stump, and proceeds with his game. This ridiculous account is evidently founded upon the near resemblance in sound of two Chinese phrases, "to chop off a finger," and "to draw a lot," which is a common mode of gambling.

As I am about to give the reader a little interesting information (*i.e.* as interesting as the subject in hand will allow) about Chinese needle-making, I must beg his attention first to the kindred subject of pins. The Chinese are as much at fault about our pins as we are about their chopsticks, or any other article the exact use of which we have misapprehended. They invariably mistake the pin for its first cousin the needle, the chief difference being (as they say) that one has a head without an eye, and the other an eye without a head; they express their surprise how the thread is fastened, how the little knob at the top can be brought through the stitch hole. They never saw a pin until introduced by foreigners: hence their ignorant mistake. It is not a little singular, and suggests at once the remarkable difference which must exist between their and our tailors' work, and Chinese and European ladies' and children's dresses, that while

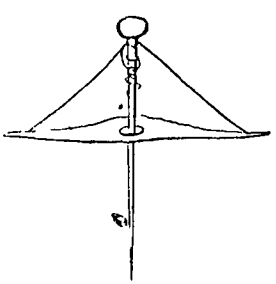
about *twenty millions* of pins daily issue from our manufactories, for home and foreign consumption, not a single pin finds any employment among the Chinese. It will be an auspicious day for the pin-trade when China's millions shall use pins instead of tapes to fasten ladies' dresses; for if twenty millions of these little articles are required for the use of only a part of Europe, a very simple rule-of-three sum would give the required amount for the 360 millions of China proper.

By the way, before I quite throw the subject of pins aside, let me just ask, did it ever occur to any of our gentle sisters in Europe that they are responsible for the daily consumption of these twenty millions of pins? A pin seems as though it might last for ever. Unless violently beheaded, or bent, blunted, or lost, it continues still the same neat, straight piece of sharpened wire which it was when it left the hands of the manufacturer. There is something startling in the thought that, day by day throughout the year, the existing number of pins should have been increasing at this enormous ratio, and yet that it never appears that we have one too many. At a critical moment, when a pin is most of all needed, it is frequently the most difficult thing to find.

It is believed that the needles about equal the pins in number. By the aid of a machine of six-horse power, the immense number of fourteen millions may be made in one week; and though there are hundreds of such machines at work, the supply only keeps pace with the demand.

In China, where the use of the needle is as common as it is with ourselves, and where no machinery exists to assist in the manufacture, how vast must be the number of hands employed in this one branch of trade! Many, doubtless, would deprecate the introduction of intricate machinery, or consider it a questionable benefit; for though it might be maintained that the increase of mechanical power would but call into operation latent energies, and increase the material prosperity of the working classes, still it is a fact that at present a large proportion of the teeming population of the land find employment, and earn sufficient wages for subsistence, by needle-making. That part of the process which consists in boring the eye is one of the commonest sights which strikes the foreigner's attention as he passes down the street where these artizans are plying their trade. It is well represented in our picture. The instrument by which it is effected is simple and ingenious. It consists

of a slender polished upright shaft, about the thickness of an arrow, pointed with a very small speck of diamond; this passes through a circular hole in a flat horizontal piece of wood, from the two extremities of which a cord is attached, which is fastened to a knob at the top of the shaft. Then, by the simple movement of the hand up and down, a regular spinning movement is communicated to the diamond-pointed borer, the cord winds round the shaft backwards and forwards, as in the spinning-mills of our nurseries, and the needle being laid in a groove a few seconds suffices to make the eyelet hole. Though this instrument is represented, in our picture, in the needle-maker's hand, yet a separate drawing may convey a clearer idea of it to the reader.



A Chinese needle bears, as might be expected, a great resemblance to its foreign sister. One of

Pestalozzi's teachers might hold one up to her class of juveniles, and make the same object-lesson from it, as from one taken out of her own needle-book; still, it has its peculiar characteristics, and minute examination will discover many differences. First (like the people), it is short: the Chinese tailor and sempstress prefer a stumpy needle; they say they can work more quickly with it. Again: it is plainer than ours; it has not had the same care expended upon it; the head is not flattened, but the eye is bored in the round wire, no neat groove is cut to make room for the thread. Our needle, in fact, like almost all our articles of manufacture, bears the impress of the progress of the last fifty years; the Chinese needle, on the contrary, has known no change for the last twenty centuries.

The needle-maker is a member of a very poor and hard-working class. No parent, save from sheer necessity, would bring up a child to this trade. Still, it has produced its great men; many a little boy who would have ground needle points, and bored needle-eyes for his working life in his father's shop, has risen by genius and application to eminence among his countrymen. It has not fallen to my lot personally to meet with such an one. But I do know one, who, under the influence

of the same mysterious power which wrought upon the simple fishermen of Galilee, manfully girt up his loins to follow the Divine Saviour. The poor needle-maker entwined himself round my heart with the affection of a brother; he has been called from his shop and from his toil. I saw him last in the cold grasp of death, yet with his mind awake to his Saviour's presence; and I afterwards committed his body to the ground in the full assurance of life and immortality. His mud-floor cottage is now lit up by the faith of the Gospel. His widow and child, who survive him, are walking in his footsteps.

HUSBANDMAN.

A TEA-PICKER.

賣花

THE FLORIST.

No. 15.

THE FLORIST.

THE Chinese must be a strange people, from the very varying accounts which are given of them by different observers. They are over-estimated in some things, and undervalued in others, misunderstood in most. Take the matter of flowers. We are accustomed to consider them a nation of horticulturists on a small scale. Is it not the prevalent idea in England, that the houses are surrounded with a neat piece of garden-ground, which is cultivated with great care, and shows some rare flowers as the fruit of patient, kindly toil? Let the reader honestly say whether such has not hitherto been his notion of this canny, thrifty people of the Eastern continent. Now, what are the facts? If any one were to go to China, he might search a whole province through, and not find anything round the dwelling-houses which answered even to a decent European garden. In a garden, we picture to ourselves nicely-cut and elegantly-shaped beds,

filled with bright-hued flowers; raised terraces, or gravel-walks, where visitors may go and admire the productions of the season; perhaps a spreading tree, or shady arbour, offering a welcome and cool retreat during the hot days of summer. Anything like this he will seek for in vain in China; but in its place, among the poorer classes, a few pots of flowers in the open court; and amongst the gentry, a small yard at the side or back of the building, where is displayed some dwarfed fir, no bigger than a doll's Christmas-tree; some gnarled camphor, rising no higher than a good-sized cauliflower; and a few carefully-cultivated plants, whose flowers are forced into gigantic size by a peculiar method of cultivation and the copious application of manure. The nursery-gardens, often visited and described by foreigners, contain many such specimens; they have no more beauty than the covered stalls of Covent Garden Market, but merely contain rows of pots, filled with the plants just coming into flower, ranged for the convenience of sale. The plants which are in the ground are merely seedlings, which will be transplanted, not into the parterres of country gardens, but into small pots to occupy their place on a stand in the court-yards or rooms of houses.

My assertion of the absence of what we call gardens will be borne out by all those who know the country. One fact may serve to convince the general reader that I have not exaggerated.

In the large city of Ningpo, whose walls are five miles in circumference, and whose population numbers nearly half a million of inhabitants, there are only two gardens which are ever thought worthy of a visit from foreigners. They belong to the Kang and the Le families respectively. The larger and better of these consists of a piece of ground about 90 feet long by 30 wide, most ingeniously "fitted up" with rock-work, and a tiny pool of water, to resemble mountain scenery in miniature. From between the fissures of the rock, costly plants have been made to grow; others appear (in the usual way) in pots, set upon a flower-stand. This is all one of the finest second-class cities in the empire has to show of pleasure-grounds. In the island of Chusan there is a garden about twice the size of this, even more ingeniously arranged: arches are formed by the rock-work, intricate passages wind round behind it, you ascend and descend by small staircases of stone steps, openings are made here and there to afford a view of the pretty court and the quaintly-curved and

ornamented roofs which adjoin; a kind of summer-house, with elegant lattice-work, invites you to a shady seat. When our troops were occupying the island of Chusan, this spot, situated within a convenient walk from the barracks, became so great an object of attraction to the officers and others, that the proprietor (a wealthy Chinaman), pestered with the daily calls of visitors, fled the place, and ever after kept an old and trusty steward to do the honours of the house in his absence. Tea is liberally supplied to all visitors, and, as in the case of show-houses at home, a gratuity is left with the servants for their trouble.

From what has thus been said, it will be readily understood that the Chinese do not value those flowers which group well, forming massy patches, but only those which show well in a pot. They have found fault with several of our European introductions, such as the coreopsis and zinnia, because of their tendency to form large and unwieldy plants. They admired the separate flowers much, but could turn them to little account. Even the dahlia they would find difficult to reduce to the proper dimensions. The ranunculus, the pansy, the geranium, the cactus, or the hyacinth, they exceedingly esteem and admire.

The figure in our engraving needs but little description. It is simply that of a small market-gardener, carrying about for sale those plants which he has reared in his little bit of nursery ground. He seems very familiar to my eyes, from having seen such a one continually passing my door. As we became acquainted, he would leave with me some plant of native growth, while I gave him in exchange any exotic which had secured for itself a footing in its new home.

I dare not write much about flowers, when so full an account has already been given in the pages of Fortune, who for many years toiled hard in collecting his specimens from every part of the country. Any one who desires to know what the country has or has not in the way of plants, both wild and cultivated, had better consult his pages.

Many an estate, a hundred years hence, will have to acknowledge a debt of gratitude to his exertions, when the lovely cypresses and firs, brought by him into this country, have reared on high their luxuriant heads, and displayed their golden cones to the admiring gaze of our children's children.

HEMP PALM.

THE OPIUM-SMOKER.

No. 16.

THE OPIUM-SMOKER.

THE English wife and mother vents many a deep curse upon alcohol; some of our philanthropists would fain see it confined, like other green, red, and blue liquids, in the bulky bottles of the druggists' shops. The Chinese wife and mother utters an equally hearty imprecation upon opium, and the efforts of their philanthropists are directed to its exclusion from the marts of ordinary commerce, to take its place among other rare and potent poisons which the skill of man has made serviceable to the alleviation or the cure of disease.

Tobacco and opium are two products which have spread in China with marvellous rapidity. Not many centuries since the former was unknown; smoking was a crime punishable with death. The Chinese Emperors joined with sovereigns of Europe and popes of Rome in execrating this narcotic, and punishing the growers of the weed, or the vendors of the leaf, with excommunication or

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death. The same quaint reason for the prohibition has been everywhere alleged—namely, that "men appeared like devils emitting smoke from their mouth and nostrils." Now, a crowd of Chinamen shows a forest of tobacco-pipes, and the perfumed smoke curls in graceful wreaths even from the women's lips.

The history of the opium trade is too well known to need repetition. Commencing about the year 1770 with 200 chests, which were admitted as a medicinal drug on payment of a certain impost, in less than a hundred years it has increased *seven or eight hundred* fold, for at present 80,000 chests are the annual importation from British India alone; while the cultivation of the poppy and the manufacture of opium is carried on to an unknown extent on Chinese soil. Those who have attempted, from imperfect data, to make a calculation have judged that at least an equal amount is raised from the native provinces. Nor is the limit yet reached; when 160,000 chests are divided among 360,000,000 of people, it will be found that, according to the average quantity which every smoker consumes, not more than a very small percentage of the whole population have as yet availed themselves of this luxury. There must be

something in the constitution of the Chinaman, or in his climate, which predisposes him to this evil habit. It would never fasten itself upon an active, energetic, enterprising people, unless some such predisposing cause assisted. Our national sin is that of drunkenness. We have always been a hard-drinking people; our northern ancestors found their delight in deep potations. Even less than half a century ago, an ordinary dinner-party would not unfrequently be crowned by such orgies as never now disfigure polite society. The Chinaman does not refuse wine, but he does not make it his bane; he has generally sense enough to know when he has had enough. The streets occasionally present the spectacle of a "red-eyed" man, the sure sign of partial inebriation; but they do not afford those disgraceful exhibitions of reeling men, either made senseless or infuriated with drink. The quiet soothing opium has a greater charm; under its fatal spell the mild son of Han more readily succumbs—its effect accords with his own natural temperament, which rather leads to patience and love of peace than to rude blows and fighting.

As there is still much ignorance among foreigners as to the nature of opium-smoking, it may

be worth while to describe both how it originates, and what are its effects. The common idea seems to be, that men take a pipe of opium much as a person indulges in excess of wine, merely for the pleasure which the intoxicating fumes give. But this is no just comparison. We may rather liken the opium-smoker to the habitual dram-drinker, whose depraved and vitiated appetite now craves of him the powerful stimulant. Indeed, dram-drinking and opium-smoking are very much on a par, though the latter is on many accounts preferable, chiefly as being less brutalizing. Opium does not excite, as do gin and brandy, the ferocious passions of men, but rather, by enervating, soothes its victim. The habit is easily acquired. It commences mostly in one of two ways: either it is resorted to as a remedy for some disease (heartburn, for instance, which it immediately relieves), or it is first taken at late hours in dissolute company for the sake of producing wakefulness and forced energy. In both cases a fortnight's use of the drug is sufficient to tie the habit, like a millstone, round the neck, when nothing but almost superhuman effort will avail to cast it off. The gnawing agony of the unsatisfied craving is maddening; besides which there is a prostration of all

physical strength, the eyes are weak and watery, the mouth runs with saliva, the mind itself has become weakened; and, in the presence of all this suffering, there is the certainty of relief a few seconds after the opium-pipe has touched the lips —a relief which lasts perhaps half, perhaps only the third or fourth part of the day, when the same craving again comes round. The opium-smoker, when confirmed in his habit, just anticipates this craving; and, if he be a man of infirm purpose, who has but little moral strength, he will fly to his pipe on the first symptoms of faintness or nausea, and so make a more frequent recurrence to the stimulant necessary. Cases have been known where men of strong determination have with one mighty effort thrown off the habit, which was threatening them with ruin; such, however, are very rare. Both body and mind are usually too weak for the execution of the purpose. Dysentery and other diseases at once threaten the life of the confirmed opium-smoker who would renounce his vice; and, as we have shown, the mind is unable to endure the fearful struggle which the renunciation of the habit entails. Widely-differing estimates have been formed of the proportion of opium-smokers in China; by some they are set

as low as only one or two per cent., by others as high as eight or ten per cent. of the population. The deaths also which this poison causes are variously estimated. Some have made the extreme assertion that every opium-smoker is sent to his grave in an average of ten years. We must not, however, suppose that every smoker who dies has been killed by opium; for it will be found that some, had it not been for opium, would have died much sooner. I do not assert that some better remedy could not have been found, but only that the drug has been used as a medicine, and has stayed the progress of disease. Opium, in the form of laudanum, is still resorted to by Europeans for many cases of severe illness; and it would not be considered fair to say, in case of death, that opium had killed the patient, though very likely there is, did we but know it, some safer and better mode of treatment. The curse of the habit, like that of drunkenness, falls with especial weight on the poor. A labouring man is obliged to expend about one-half of his wages in this single article. We can at once imagine (though, alas! experience, rather than imagination, is here our teacher) the misery which this must cause. If a man earns his ten shillings a week, and brings home but five, and

has besides ruined his constitution, and incapacitated himself for continuous work, it requires no spirit of prophecy to tell to what state his family will soon be reduced. And if once a person who has enslaved himself to opium loses a situation, he will find it no easy matter to obtain another; and then no alternative but the lowest toadyism, theft, or beggary will be left to him. I have heard a foreign merchant, himself largely engaged in the trade, express his firm resolve that no opium-smoker should remain a servant in his "hong." The reason is manifest: the moral perception is blunted by the indulgence, and, what is still more to the purpose, three times on an average every day the servant, or *shroff*, or book-keeper, is for a time unfitted for his work.

The impossibility of casting off the habit when once it has obtained a firm hold has been before mentioned, and it may be further illustrated by the following fact, which was related to me. A small salesman, or pedlar, was seen toiling along with great difficulty through the gates of Ningpo, as if straining every nerve to reach some desired point; he was seen to stagger and to fall, and his bundle flew before him out of his reach. While

many passed by, some good Samaritan comes to him, lifts up his head, and asks what is the matter, and what he can do for him? He has just strength to whisper out, "My good friend, please to untie that bundle; you will find a small box in the centre; give me two or three of the pills which are in it, and I shall be all right." It was soon done; the opium pills had their desired effect, and he was soon able to rise and pursue his journey to his inn. This most graphically describes the extreme state of exhaustion which comes on if the usual period of taking the pipe has passed by. The pedlar thought, no doubt, he had strength just to reach his inn, when he would have thrown himself upon a bed, and called for the opium pipe; but he miscalculated, by a few minutes, his powers of endurance, and the pills, (often resorted to in like cases of extremity), when supplied him by his friend, perhaps saved him from an untimely end. Very similar scenes have happened to foreigners travelling in sedan chairs through the country; the bearers have been obliged to stop and take a little of the opium, prepared in this form, in order to prevent complete exhaustion. A long hour or more, in the middle of the day, has fre-

quently to be allowed, nominally for the sake of dinner and rest, but really, in some instances, for the sake of the opium pipe.

Eloquent tongues and pens have argued the question of the opium traffic. Most opposite have been the conclusions to which they have come. "Opium," says Mr. Crawford, "does not do men much harm; opium-smokers live, many of them, to a great age." "Opium," says Mr. Tait, "as taken by the Chinese, has lost all its medicinal qualities, and leaves only those which are destructive of life; the poison, taken into the lungs, utterly destroys the human system, and sends a man to his grave in an average of ten years." "Opium," Mr. Crawford very positively states, "is no hindrance to legitimate trade with China." "The Chinese," says Mr. Tait, "are losing their health and habits of industry; they are also being drained of their wealth. There are few left to buy your exports, there will be fewer still; the rich produce that should pay for them goes to purchase opium. The trade utterly paralyses legitimate commerce."* Though these latter statements are very strong, they are certainly, by

* See "China and its Trade," a pamphlet. Crossley and Billington, Rugby.

the testimony of all, except, perhaps, the opium-merchants themselves, nearer to the truth than the former. A merchant has a very arduous and up-hill struggle whose house refuses to deal in the drug. The Chinaman pays down hard lumps of sycee silver in the purchase of opium, and too often confesses, with a sigh, that he has no money to spare for cotton goods.

Few men, however, are prepared calmly and dispassionately to weigh the whole subject. In this, as in other matters, we are very liable to be misled by the cry of a party. The Archbishop of Canterbury gave wise counsel to the newly-appointed diocesan of Hong Kong, not to preach a crusade against the opium traffic.

There is just one phase of the subject which I will touch upon, namely, the opinion which the Chinese philanthropist does and must entertain of us. Some, possibly, may be disposed to sneer at this expression, Chinese *philanthropist*, and to deny his existence altogether; to set down all the protests of emperors, statesmen, and gentry as so much mere verbiage, an hypocritical appeal to principle and right, without any real meaning or purport in what they say. Much, no doubt, is mere governmental diction, old stereotyped form of words

without life, though hardly without meaning; much is also anti-barbarian, a mere excuse to get rid of the hated foreigner. But all is not thus accounted for; there is real philanthropic feeling as well. How, we ask, would the head of a family in England feel towards a people who, in spite of prohibitory laws on our part, should have succeeded in introducing some most alluring vice, which had demoralized his neighbourhood, contaminated some of his own children or relatives, thrown a brother or a nephew out of a good situation, brought poverty upon a hard-working family, and multiplied the number of paupers in a parish? If we will only reason thus we shall easily understand that the Chinese, not to deny them the common feelings of humanity, can have had no respect for us, while their own laws were being violated, and our own implied promises were being broken; nor, even now, though the trade is legalized, can they form a high opinion of our moral probity, or consider our acquaintance desirable. As long, however, as the proprietor and tenant of the gin palace retains his place in society, so long will silent excuses, at least, be made for the large opium firms, and their agents, who sell for them the drug. Great names might be quoted in

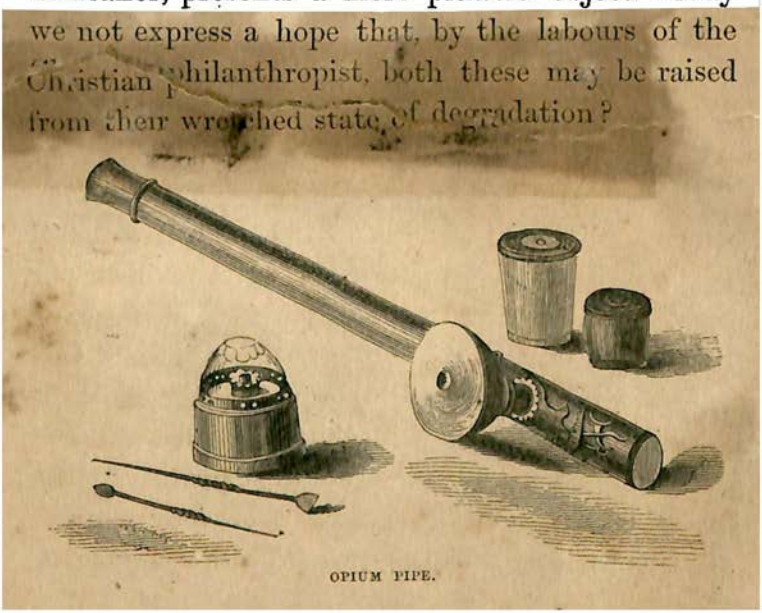
support of this opinion, but I am content to leave it on its own weight and worth. When we have stopped all the distilleries, save just enough to supply the apothecaries' shops with rum, brandy, whisky, and gin; when we have pulled down all spirit shops, and banished from respectable Christian society all distillers and wholesale or retail vendors of alcoholic liquors; then it will be time enough to talk of the iniquity of the opium trade, and the moral obliquity of all those concerned in it.

Still, we must not expect to find the quiet orderly citizen of China willing at once to receive the foreigner into his house, or to listen to the teaching of the religion which he brings. We certainly go with a very bad grace, professing our religion as one of peace and righteousness, and the blush of confusion is on our face when we are called upon, as we repeatedly are, to give a reason why we are enriching ourselves upon the misery and the vice of other people.

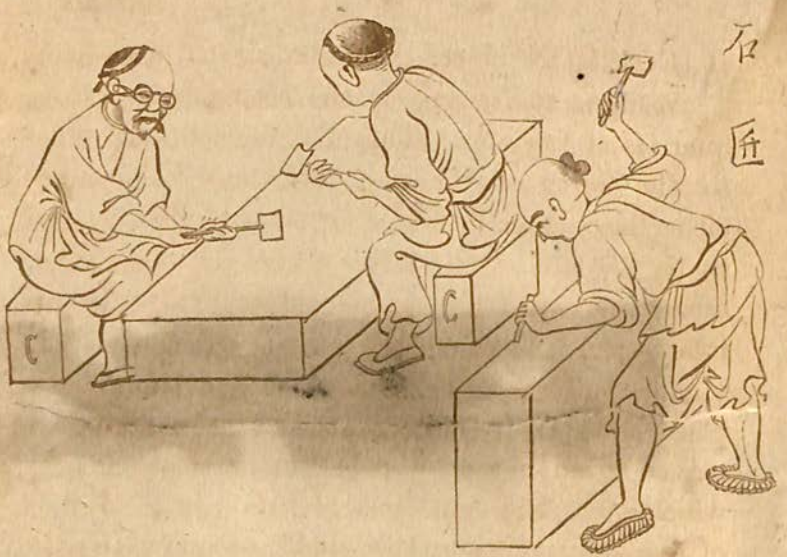
Our picture requires but a word of explanation. It tells graphically enough its own tale. The balls of opium which have been brought from what are still, by a merciful Providence, our Indian possessions, are being melted in the pan. The fire is lit in the small portable brick stove, on which

the pan is placed, and which is being fanned into a red heat by the standing figure; the basket beneath the table contains a fresh supply of charcoal; the other pans are for still further refining. When the opium is reduced to the consistency of thick treacle, and is sufficiently purified of all scum it is fit for use. With a small bodkin, the smoker himself, or his attendant for him, takes up a little of the treacly substance, and touches with it the small aperture in the bowl of his pipe. He then applies it to the flame of the lamp, and inhales the smoke into his lungs. The figure of the opium-smoker is a fair specimen of one who has been long confi[illegible] Here is a description [illegible] life, as I found one in the spring [illegible] We [illegible] paying a visit to a small [illegible] whos[illegible] were very anxious at that time to obtain an interview. "After a while we were ushered into an inner room, and such a scene of poverty, filth, and degradation as there met our eyes, it will not be easy to forget. The meanest hovel in England could be no worse than this miserable abode; everything was in the most dilapidated state. On a couch before us was the opium pipe, with all the necessary apparatus; the officer was just out of bed, ready for conversation, after the effects of his pipe. We saw a man of

large features and of noble mien, his countenance marked with a deep scar, which told a tale of bravery in his country's service. He was dressed in miserable attire; an old and dirty handkerchief was bound round his head; his clothes were all in the lowest state of wretchedness." Such is the description which will generally apply to long-established cases. A greasy dress, a slouching gait, filthy brown fingers, which have never known the benefit of soap, a sallow countenance, and a glazy eye, mark the victim. Only the bloated drunkard, with torn clothes, wild eye, and furious demeanor, presents a more pitiable object. May we not express a hope that, by the labours of the Christian philanthropist, both these may be raised from their wretched state of degradation?



OPIUM PIPE.



THE STONE-SQUARERS.

No. 17.

THE STONE-SQUARERS.

A COMMON object of interest to foreigners residing at Ningpo, is the scene of the stone quarries at Da-ying. They lie about fifteen miles to the north of the city, and may be reached either altogether by water, or partly by water and partly by land. The latter forms the more interesting journey. The canal boat will take you ten miles, easily if not swiftly, past several flourishing villages, and through some rich rice lands to a place called Do gyiaō, or the Great Bridge, so named from a stone bridge of unusual height, which spans the canal just at this joint. A walk of five or six miles by the winding stone pathways, which intersect the low swampy fields, gradually leads to the foot of some bamboo or pine-clad hills. Soon the loud noise of the workmen's hammers announces the approach to the quarries. When the hills are viewed at the distance of about half a mile, the idea suggests itself that their sides

have been worn or eaten away by the perpetual labour of toiling insects. This idea strikes you more forcibly as, ever and anon, some of the quarrymen are seen moving about, like tiny specs in the mouths of the caves. At the foot of the hill, just before the rugged pathway winds into its excavated side, masses of stone meet the eye, which have been brought down thus far either on strong and effective barrows, or by means of poles on men's shoulders. They lie ready for the merchant, for a branch of the Ningpo river runs up to this point, and affords convenience for transport. The scene becomes more and more animated as you approach. Here men are engaged in fixing troughs in the perpendicular sides of the caves, to let off the water, which threatens to wear away the rock, and so endanger the lives of the workmen. There a knot of men is assembled, watching some huge slab yield to the force of the short iron pins driven in by laborious toil, and start from its slumber of bygone centuries. Again, in another part the regular blow of the strong hammer is heard cutting the holes into which these iron pins are to be inserted.

Let us enter one of the caves; you peep down a depth of a hundred feet, and discern a

party of men at the bottom, the sound of whose voices and instruments of work echoes round the sides of the rocky shaft, and whose appearance before a large fire seems almost unearthly. Your descent, if you dare descend, is by a series of inclined planes, formed of strong poles, let in to the sides of the pit, and interlaced with hurdles of wicker work. The heel of your leather boot may now serve you in good stead, but you would feel much more comfortable if you could change shoes for a few minutes with one of the workmen. Those straw shoes or sandals, or even the calico sole of the ordinary country shoe, take a very firm hold of the ground; and though the inclined planes by which you work your zig-zag descent are very springy, and threaten to throw you off your equilibrium, yet, if you are a person of ordinary nerve, you will find no difficulty in making your way down to the bottom. Here the finest stone is found, which is the reason why this extra pains is taken to cut down towards the root of the hill. Each block of stone, as it is riven off its bed, is placed upon the barrow and wheeled up this rude staircase to the top. Many of these shafts are now filled with water; one, which was some hundred feet deep in 1848, when I first de-

scended it, I found completely filled up about seven years afterwards. When the water rises, the workmen are compelled to beat a speedy retreat, for the appliances of force-pumps and steam-engines have not yet been adopted in China. Greater danger, however, than the rising of water is to be apprehended from the falling in of the sides of the caves. A large slip of the rock had taken place the day previous to my last visit. Fortunately the workmen had just finished their labours for the day, and were all gone home, so that no injury happened to life or limb.

Square and long blocks of various sizes are dug out from these quarries. Some are cut into elegant pillars, and carved in bold relief with dragons or other devices, to support and embellish the porticos of their temples; some form elaborate tombs and monuments of the mighty dead; some, again, are carved into grotesque figures of lions, and are annually shipped by the large native junks to Siam, to form there an ornamental entrance to the park of some grandee, which may justify the current saying, that "a rich man in Siam is known by the block of stone at his gate." Others, again, are hewn into slabs of great size (as represented in our picture), which form the sarcophagus of rich men:

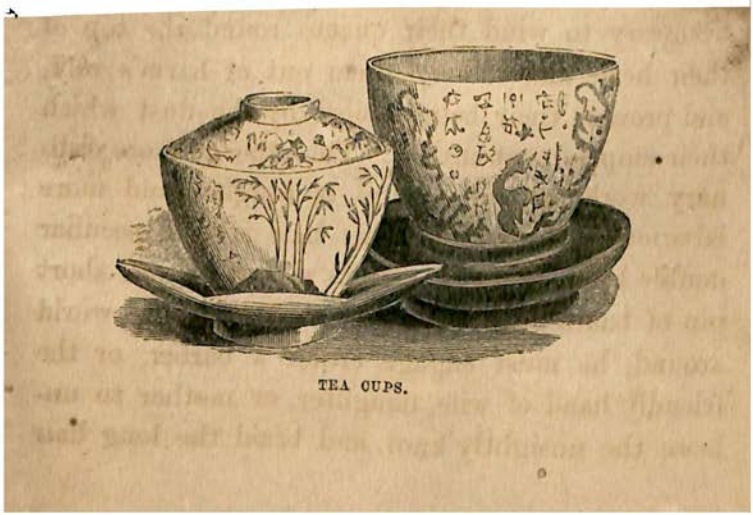
others, similar to these, are for the foundation of the houses of the wealthy, and often show a deep moulding or ornament, which is by no means devoid of taste in design or finish in execution. Some are chiselled into those monuments which the nation loves to erect in memory of the chastity and filial devotion of its women, or the longevity of its patriarchs. The more ordinary slabs pave the court-yards of houses, or form the paths which line the banks of rivers and canals, and divide the fields. The refuse pieces are, if large enough, used for rough stone walls or the foundations of houses; if too small for any useful purpose, they are cast aside, and gradually form a bank forty or fifty feet high, by the side of the quarry's mouth. The work is usually executed in a rude way on the spot. When a purchase is made, the rude blocks are taken away, and more carefully wrought up in the stonemason's yard. The right-hand figure of our etching shows a workman engaged in cutting off with a strong chisel some roughnesses in the stone. The two other figures, each sitting upon his box of tools for want of a better seat (a very common feature in Chinese economy), are each of them armed with a thick and heavy iron mallet-head, attached to a pliant handle of very tough wood. With this they lightly and

rapidly tap the plane surface of the stone till it becomes smooth enough for use.

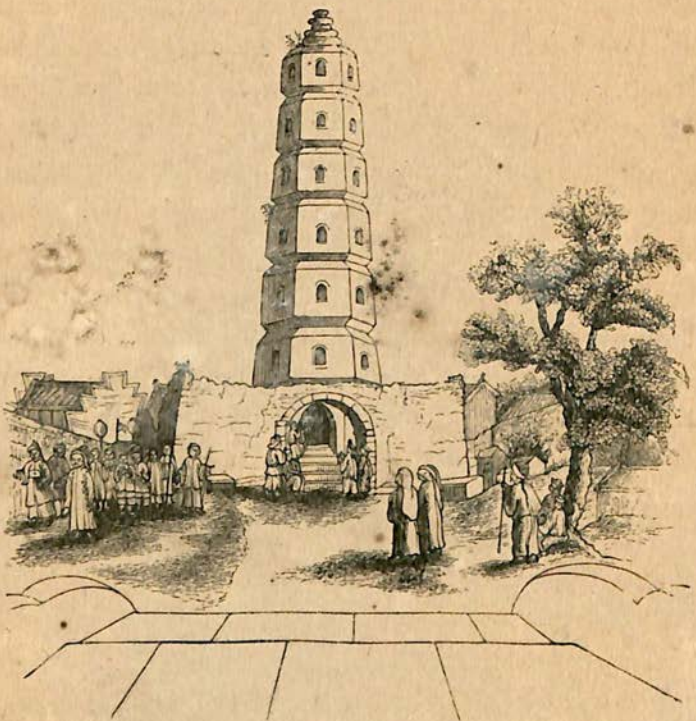
The spectacles of the elder figure belong rather to the individual than to his work; for though doubtless many an accident to the eyes would be saved by their adoption, yet, in this as in other trades, men are usually reckless. Steel filers and others will not avail themselves of those means which science has discovered and provided for the prevention of dangers to which their calling exposes them.

The reader has doubtless noticed the head-dress of these as well as of other artizans throughout our book. The two workmen engaged in smoothing the surface of the stone block have only thought it necessary to wind their queues round the top of their head, and so keep them out of harm's way, and prevent their being soiled by the dust which their employment creates. The other, a more ordinary workman, whose toil is rougher and more laborious, has gathered his hair into a peculiar double knot, which he fastens with a smooth short pin of bamboo. Before he mixes with the world around, he must engage either a barber, or the friendly hand of wife, daughter, or mother to unloose the unsightly knot, and braid the long hair

into its customary plait. The other two men have only to unwind their queues, and then, with the addition of a long robe, they are fit for the society of their fellows. These artizans are by no means deficient in talent. If we may judge by the massive bridges which cross the rivers or arms of the sea, by the temples and private houses which have been built throughout the country, and by those monuments carved in the boldest *bas-relief*, with figures of men and animals, which are deservedly the admiration of foreigners, we must say of the Chinese stone-cutters that they are not behind the rest of their countrymen, and make good their claim to a high grade in the rank of artizans.



TEA CUPS.



TEMPLE OF THE HEAVENLY WINDS.

剃頭

THE BARBER.

No. 18.

THE BARBER.

OUR great authority in razors, razor-strops, and all connected with the *civilized* art of shaving, tells us, that "the great secret of easy shaving is the thorough softening of the beard with water before commencing the operation." From cases of casual personal experience, I fear that the "secret" is not yet divulged to the public, or that, if divulged, they are not yet satisfied of its utility. I may, however, add my mite to Mr. Mechi's assertion, by the mention of the fact that a nation of 180 millions of *men*, not including their Tartar conquerors, from whom they derived the custom, manage, without any pain or inconvenience, to take off all the hair on their heads, which is notorious for its coarseness, by the simple action of the razor, without any other preparatory process than that of thoroughly softening it with the hottest endurable water. While our young shavers find it difficult

with all their Naples soap, wonderful creams, half-guinea razors, Mechi strops, et cetera, to get rid of the little more than downy covering of their skins, the coarse, thick, black stumps of Tartar and Chinese heads yield, *without the use of any soap*, to the action of a little bit of hardened iron, two inches long by an inch wide. I do not mean to deny the advantage of a little good lather in keeping moist the beard which has previously been well softened, and in assisting the passage of the razor over the face; but the chief advantage does not lie here. It no doubt looks pretty to cover the face with a creamy surface, and many a young gentleman admires every morning his snow-white upper lip and chin; it is also interesting to watch how this yields to the razor's stroke, so that you can tell to an inch what part has been gone over; but how often does the soap only come away, while the refractory beard is left, and the razor gets the blame which it does not deserve. Let Mr. Mechi's words be heard, and let the 200 and odd millions of Chinese and Tartars join in the cry, till the "secret" is really out, believed in, and acted upon, and the face gets a good plunging and sousing before the edge of the steel is applied.

Although the barbers' shops are not, as with us,

distinguished by the pole and bandage, yet they seem to show that the barber originally knew something of the healing art; for you now constantly see, in passing their open front, the operation of shampooing performed previous to shaving. I retain quite fresh to the present day the impress of the first case which I witnessed. A sallow Chinaman, stretched at full length on an easy chair, had surrendered himself entirely to the tender mercies of the manipulator, who, sitting by his side, was pommelling him all over his body, but chiefly on the legs and chest, with partially-closed fists. I have regretted since that I never submitted to the operation, so as to be able to prove or disprove the truth of the assertion, that a delightful sensation was the result of all this tapping.

About three cash, or half a farthing, is the usual sum demanded for simply shaving the head. If the queue is plaited and interwoven with fresh silk, the scale of charges rises accordingly. A good razor costs about two-pence; the best strop, consisting of a strip of peculiarly-made stout calico, brought from some distance in the interior of the country, may be had for one penny; thus it does not cost very much to furnish a barber's shop. The chief item of expense is the metal basin, made of a kind of brass,

which is kept beautifully bright and clean. No Chinaman is his own barber; indeed, as the top of the head is usually the only part which requires touching, (for the beard of the Chinese does not often give him much trouble,) it would be at too great a risk of self-destruction to hazard the attempt with one's own hand. This of course gives employment to a vast number of persons. It is said that, in Canton, there are between seven and eight thousand of the barber's calling; and by a calculation roughly made of the number shaved by each "hand," I should think this a correct estimate. Shaving, and braiding the queue, fastening a new tail to a worn-out stump, and shampooing, are the only arts required of the barber. False moustache and beards of a rude kind, as worn by actors in the public shows, are not made by his hands; and he has yet to be initiated into the European art of making perukes for the votaries of fashion.

Since the incoming of the Manchow power, barbers' shops must have undergone a considerable change; for the native Chinese, till they received this badge of a foreign yoke, did not allow either knife or scissors to pass upon their head, but were the "long-haired" race, which the present insurgents, the followers of Tai ping, are wishing to be-

come. They are naturally anxious to do away with this mark of subjection to their Tartar conquerors, and recur to the ancient fashion, which was to bind the long hair in a knot on the top of their head, and to fasten it through with a wooden or metal pin, as is often represented in the old pictures of the Ming dynasty.

Those who affirm that shaving debilitates and makes degenerate a people, have here rather a large bolus of objection to swallow. The Tartars shave, and yet conquer the unshorn Chinamen; the Chinamen, compulsorily shorn, are now threatening to subvert again the power of their Tartar conquerors. Verily some other power besides the razor is at work here!

The Chinese gentleman is not so particular about his head as the English gentleman is about his beard. Where the latter shaves at all, he shaves daily; it may be, if he dines or spends the evening away from home, twice a-day. The former on an average lets his head be three days without being touched. Our servants were content with once a week. Saturday night always saw them with shining polls, ready for the Sunday services. School boys were served in the same way. Ordinary labourers, left to their own resources, will often wait

from five to ten days, sometimes even more; but after that time the head looks very unsightly, and formidable with upstanding bristles half an inch long.

In the case of mourning, the law, or rather the recognized custom, more powerful than law, is to keep the head unshaven for so many months, in proportion to the nearness of relationship to the party deceased. The thirteen months' absence of tonsure for either of one's parents, if strictly observed, would show a shock of hair too frightful for ordinary society to endure; so that, where strict attention to the laws of etiquette forbids the clean polish of the razor's blade, other means are employed to keep the stumps of the hair within due bounds.

As to barbers' shops, customs vary in different parts of the country. Thus, in the accounts given us of the south, we are told that "the barbers are all ambulatory; each carries his shop on his back, and performs his operations tonsorial in the open street." In the north this rule is reversed. All the barbers have shops, which (like other shops) are open to the street, but are unlike only in this, that they are without counters. They are usually ornamented with hanging scrolls, often caricatures of

foreigners and their habits. They are furnished with easy chairs and small basin-stands, similar to that represented in the engraving. If the weather be hot, the chair or stool is placed just outside the threshold of the house, and the operation of shaving, &c., goes on in the open street. The Chinaman has no such squeamishness about these things as we have, and is surprised that we get angry (as some of us do) when, in our excursions into the interior, rude hands pull off the covering of the travelling boat, and a gaping crowd persists in seeing the morning ablutions.

The art of hair-cutting, as practised in the West, is as yet unknown to the Chinese barber. It is not often, therefore, that the foreigner calls in the aid of native skill; only when he assumes the garb of the country, does he find this necessary. Admirably effected is this finishing stroke to the foreigner's transformation. The queue fastened on to the back hair deceives even the practised eye of the native; and, as Mr. Fortune quaintly says, the dogs even take no notice, and let you pass unchallenged.

No barber's art is required for the women's hair, no shops are set apart for their use; they are invariably their own hair-dressers. In the case of the wealthy, private apartments conceal the operation

from casual observance; in that of the poorer classes, every street in the forenoon gives you an opportunity of witnessing this part of the women's toilet. It is no summary process, and whether gazed upon or not, they proceed very leisurely with their work. An English lady who had had plenty of opportunity of knowing, assured me that the China woman spends a good hour of her everyday life in the performance of this one portion of her toilet.

A CHINESE RAIN-CLOAK.

THE WATER-CARRIERS.

No. 19.

THE WATER-CARRIERS.

THE Chinaman of the rice plains depends upon the heavens for his supply of drinking-water. Even in the hill country, where the streams are comparatively pure, rain-water, or as he calls it, "sky-water," holds the first place in his estimation. The water of wells is in all cases avoided, because of the medicinal properties inseparable from it. Science has taught us that his estimate of the purity of these different waters is correct; and we should not have to complain so often of bad tea, did we but follow his example, and line the backs of our houses with a row of huge earthenware jars, or what is better still, in building a house, arrange for the construction of a large tank, which should receive the showers and dews of heaven. Of course I do not here speak of London or the smoky precincts of our manufacturing cities. Droughts, however, frequently take place, when

the supply of rain-water in the dwellings of the middle classes is exhausted. Only a few of the more wealthy families have furnished their court-yards with a number of these jars, sufficient to enable them to hold out till the supply comes. In this case, if we may continue to use the proverb in its perverted meaning, the ill-wind blows some good to the water-carriers, who undertake, from a neighbouring pool or the river's side, to supply the different householders. An animated scene then daily takes place. In the thoroughfares men are continually passing and repassing, laden with their heavy burden: their painful toil is, however, lightened to them by the consideration that they are earning at least double their ordinary wages. The picture presents a scene very familiar to myself; it is no doubt taken from a central spot for drawing water, which overhangs a narrow neck of the large intramural lake, in the city of Ningpo. In every season of drought this is the constant resort of the water-carrier, who drives a brisk trade by filling the water-butts of large houses in the adjacent streets. In the families of the poor, recourse is had to the well, but only when all other resources fail. The alluvial plain on which the city of Ningpo is situated, yields only

water which is both unpleasant to the palate, and unwholesome to the stomach.

Foreigners very frequently suffer great inconvenience from the badness of the water in the wells, and the scanty supply of that in the water jars. When rain-water fails, they are compelled either to depend upon these hard-working coolies, and to drink the water—such as it is—drawn from this lake; or they are driven to the expedient of sending a water-boat some twenty miles up the country, to bring down from the mountain streams a sufficient quantity to replenish their exhausted tanks. A curious sight these boats present. Laden to the very water's edge with their precious cargo, they seem in imminent danger of foundering: the wave of the smallest tug-boat on our rivers would swamp them in an instant.

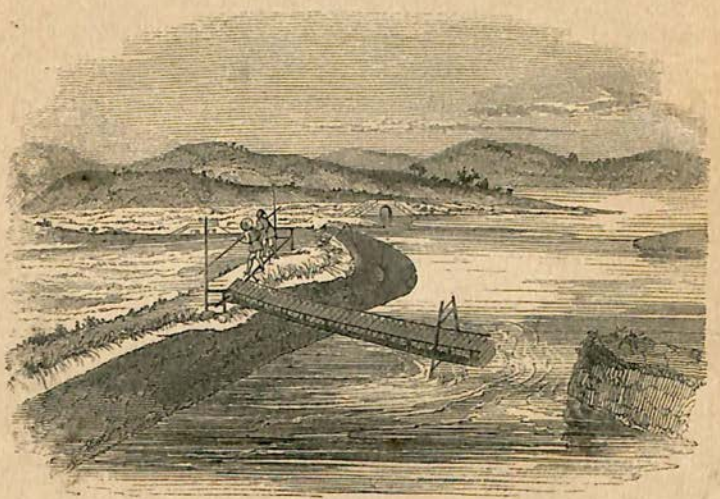
This inconvenience does not press so heavily upon the Chinaman as upon the foreigner. A comparatively small amount of water satisfies him. He never scrubs his floors; for his ablutions, he is content with just as much scalding water as will cover the bottom of a flat brass basin. In this he lays a coarse cotton napkin, with which he spunges his face and hands. In respectable families, this process is repeated after the principal

meal of the day. Even in the public baths, the shallow stone-cistern for washing has only two or three inches depth of water, and this is shared in common by five or ten persons. The stench, as may be supposed, is insufferably bad. No Chinaman thinks of washing the whole body more than once a year. On this occasion, the dogs also, by immemorial custom, share in the privilege.

There is also another reason why the Chinaman does not feel the absence of those deep and cold wells which are so much prized by us, and which we so much miss in his land; he not only abhors the touch, but also the taste, of cold water. He never takes a draught of man's original beverage. Tea of some kind, *i. e.* boiled water, generally with some herb infused, is his drink. I have frequently found on my journeys, that a look of incredulity, an expression of surprise, and a close scrutiny of the glass, always followed the act of my drinking off a tumbler of cold water. Only the evidence of their senses convinced the bystanders that I was not drinking alcohol.

The hard-working coolie will always find this tea which he loves at the resting-places, built at intervals of a few miles on most of the main roads. They are the work of wealthy individuals, who have

left the funds for the perpetual support of such an institution. These persons deserve the thanks of their countrymen, and the praise of all who desire to promote the welfare of the poor man. Would that our people were thus supplied with an innocuous draught, and so saved the necessity of spending their hard-earned money by deep potations of medicated beer, merely for the sake of quenching thirst, at the alehouse. Happily a beginning has lately been made, which seems likely to spread far and wide through our land. Plain water suits us better than lukewarm tea; from our deep wells it will always flow up cold and pure, and there is hardly a neighbourhood in the vicinity of large towns, which would not be much benefited by a common pump and conveniences for drinking. It is one of the happiest suggestions of our day, and deserves the support of all who are interested in the condition of the poorer classes. No man is deprived by this means of his lawful gratification; the mug of beer, if desired, is as accessible as before; no American or Caledonian law forbids; the great advantage is, that a man is not driven to strong drink merely for the sake of assuaging thirst.



WATER-WHEEL FOR IRRIGATION.

THE PHYSIOGNOMIST.

No. 20.

THE PHYSIOGNOMIST.

IT was no novel theory which the great Lavater propounded to the world. He did not pretend to have discovered, but only sought to develope and establish an ancient branch of science. At a very remote age, physiognomy was known and studied in India, that great cradle of our western civilization; while Pythagoras seems to have met with it in Egypt, and to have imported it thence, and taught it to his own countrymen. In China, too, from time immemorial, the sides of the streets have been occupied by stalls similar to that in our engraving; where a doctor of the science strokes his thin moustache, and invites the passer-by to make trial of his skill.

Physiognomy, however, has never taken the place which was expected by its advocates among the exact sciences. Lavater's unqualified belief in it, and admiration of it, is placed by most among the other eccentricities of the good dean. He

maintains that it can be reduced to rule, communicated and taught. He declares that it was to him a source of pure mental gratification; that it afforded him a new view of the perfection of Deity, and displayed a new scene of harmony and beauty in his works.

While, however, men hold aloof from all those conclusions to which minds like Lavater's have come on the subject, they yet seldom fail to make practical use of the science in the ordinary business of life. What merchant, for example, does not narrowly scrutinize the features of the clerk whom he is about to place in a confidential situation? What brother, on hearing that his sister is to be given away in marriage, does not at once endeavour to read the soul of the man in the mould and expression of his features? Singularly accurate, too, is the estimate which one man is often able to form of another at the very first glance. Nor should we be surprised at this; for when Lavater saw the character of each donor engraven on the hand which dropped his gift into the velvet alms-bag in the church of Zurich; and when the single feature of the nose has been gravely maintained to constitute a type of individuality, we might reasonably expect that the whole countenance, with its

differences of feature, outline, and expression, would be considered a correct indication of natural disposition.

In our engraving we see a professor of this art, one who evidently has no mean opinion of himself, or of the science which he represents. The large single face is supposed to be a perfect specimen of the human countenance. It answers to the carefully-marked heads in the studio of the phrenologist. By its standard of excellence the consulting party will be scrutinized and judged. Some particulars, also, of his future history will be indistinctly mapped out; for the science is in China debased by its connection with fortune-telling and astrology. One peculiarity in the art of Chinese physiognomy is the supposed type which belongs to four classes—the poor, the rich, the noble, and the mean. They are represented in the four heads on the wall of the room, beginning at the left hand, which is the poor man. The second figure of the *rich* man reminds us that money, among its other uses, has been freely employed in the purchase of fat pork, prime poultry, luscious turtle, and other rich esculents, which may have given to his face that peculiar roundness which belongs to it. The peacock's feather of the third adds no

little to his appearance of nobility. There is no difficulty in recognizing the mean and ignoble stamp of the fourth figure.

There are also other marks which guide the physiognomist in the exercise of his art. The two friends who were associated with me had each his own characteristic, which the Chinaman envied. In one, this feature was length of ears; in the other, a round contour of face. The former was considered the mark of talent, the latter (as has been said) that of riches. For myself, the length and straightness of my nose most frequently drew attention; but this, I imagine, was more from its contrast with their own peculiar *thick snubs*, than because of any particular virtue which belonged to this feature.

If the science of physiognomy had not been so intimately connected with astrology, so much discredit would not have been thrown upon it. It is chiefly on this account, as well as from the uncertainty which attends its application, that men not only refuse to accredit it as a science, but even ridicule it as a folly. M. Formey, indeed, argues that the human frame may by sickness or other accidents undergo considerable changes, without any correspondent change of disposition; so

that although the science itself might be founded on truth, the right exercise of it might baffle all human powers of perception. Others, again, have observed that natural passions may remain strongly marked in the features, while they have been subdued by severe mental effort, thus causing the face to be no true index of the mind. We are reminded here of the anecdote of Socrates, whose character, as read by the physiognomists of his time in the lines of his face, totally differed from that which his every-day life was exhibiting among his fellow citizens. The story runs, that on being called to the market-place to have his face examined by the physiognomist practising there, he was pronounced passionate, sensual, and intemperate. When a roar of vulgar laughter greeted this assertion, Socrates quietly said that Zopyrus had read him aright, and explained the apparent failure of the man of science, by saying that in natural disposition he was such as had been described, but that he had overcome by severe discipline those vices which threatened to domineer over him. It is well known also that Napoleon himself, no mean judge of character, came to the conclusion that "no reliance whatever was to be placed on the expression of the face."

Even the science of phrenology, which seems less open to objection—inasmuch as no hypocris however subtle, could change the formation of t skull—is, after all, from more causes than one, b an imperfect guide. The same thing may happen which we have supposed possible in physiognomy, and the natural temperament, represented correctly in the formation of the skull, may have been much altered by external or mental influences. All men, however, are practically physiognomists. We judge of a new acquaintance by his face, and form a favourable or unfavourable opinion of him at the very first glance; while such expressions as these—"Nobility is stamped on his very looks," "He has the face of a scoundrel," "Such a benevolent expression!" "Such a morose cast of countenance!"—are familiar to all. Their use proves that persons are—it may be unconsciously to themselves—in the constant exercise of this art; and we know that in some instances they show a remarkable aptitude in its right application. Let any one examine the plates in Lavater's work, and he will find himself pronouncing a definite and, in the main, a correct judgment on each form there delineated. Probably the most untutored savage could not go into the "chamber of horrors" in the

waxwork exhibition in Baker Street—where Rush, Greenacre, and a hundred other notorieties figure —without an instinctive sensation that he was looking at villains.

The old proverb, "Fronti nulla fides," is most useful as a caution in a world where so much hypocrisy attempts to veil the truth; yet an open and ingenuous look will always make a favourable impression, and, in the great majority of cases, will not deceive.

A TRADING JUNK.

A MOUNTAIN CHAIR.

成衣

THE TAILOR.

No. 21.

THE TAILOR.

IT is a common saying in China that "the tailor is the greatest sinner in the world." No sooner (say they) has a piece of stuff been finished with infinite toil and industry, than he proceeds to cut it with his huge scissors into unsightly pieces.

There are many peculiarities about the Chinese tailor, which make him differ from his European brother; and even where the implements of his trade are the same in kind, they are often very different in appearance. Some of these peculiarities are not a little amusing. First of all, he never uses the measuring tape. Instead of trying the arm at the shoulder, the elbow, the wrist; the leg at the hip, the knee, the ankle; the width across the shoulders, the girth of the body, the length of the waist, he does all this either at a glance,—and then the slight movement of the lips seems to be saying, Hem! two inches taller than I am, a little stouter, rather long arms, a thick neck,—

or at most the foot-rule, in carpenter-like style, is run over the person, and a measurement sufficiently accurate is thus obtained. There is then a regular proportion for each piece; and a chalked line, similar to, though much smaller than that used by our carpenters, is employed to mark out the shape. This line is seen in our picture lying on the table attached to the little bag filled with chalk dust, through which it passes. When the scissors, following the white mark of the chalked cord, have done their work of cutting the material into pieces of the proper number and shape, the next process is that which answers to our basting. The word, however, is spelt with a *p* instead of a *b*, that is to say, the Chinese tailor, instead of lightly stitching down his pieces, preparatory to sewing, fastens their edges by means of a strong paste. In other words, he pastes instead of bastes his work. If the reader has ever received any raised figures on calico, silk, or satin, from the flowery land, he will probably have observed their tendency to mould and decay; the simple reason being, that the paste employed in place of stitching has never become thoroughly dry, or that the damp of the sea voyage has caused it to become moist, and the garments have literally fallen to

pieces, as if smitten by leprosy: here a richly-wrought shoe, and there an embroidered skirt, here a part of the head dress, and there an ornamental cuff, has peeled off, and left a mutilated and unsightly figure. This pot of paste, with the tiny spatula used in its application, are shown in our picture at one end of the table. Clothes thus cut and fashioned might naturally be supposed to assume the form of a mere shapeless sack on the Chinaman's person, and the tailor's art be reduced apparently to very simple and rude operations, but it is not so. The true artist, even in China, discovers his ability; and good tailors, earning twice the wages of less-gifted ones, are in as much demand in China as in Europe. In stitching, we have the decided superiority; in fact the palm is yielded to us, even by the Chinese tailor. I have often heard members of the craft confess that they learned much, during our occupation of Chusan, by examining the uniforms of our troops and the plain clothes of our officers, which showed, even to their eyes, a far higher character of workmanship.

The Chinaman's habit of doing everything differently from ourselves, evinced in numberless instances of greater or less moment, and more

or less ludicrous, is seen here too, even in the manner of his sewing. The Chinese tailor does not sew *to* him, but *from* him, pushing the needle through the garment with a broad ring fastened on his thumb.

I must beg the reader to notice that curious instrument, from which a cloud of dust is issuing, as with a strong puff the tailor blows it from him. Behold the goose of the Chinese tailor, or in plain English the ironing-box, which is nothing more than a horse-shoe-shaped saucepan, without a lid, filled with live charcoal, and thus kept hot for hours together. This same dust, arising from the impalpable ashes of the charcoal, blown about the room is a great nuisance, and is very repugnant to our notions of cleanliness.

The tailor's board is worthy of observation. It is nearly always extemporized for the occasion, usually consisting of a wide door taken off its hinges, set upon two high stools, and covered with a drab felt cloth. Here the strong common sense of our Chinese friends is shown. They *sit* at their board, as at a table, to work, and so are saved from those diseases to which our sons of the needle are exposed from their stooping and cramped posture.

The foot-measure, formed of a slip of bamboo, divided into ten parts, is somewhat longer than our own, and exceeds by about two inches the foot-rule used in carpenters' and masons' work. The pipe, never long absent from the Chinaman's lips, is seen under the table, ready for use. The little leather purse contains the tobacco, while a small case, not shown in the picture, is furnished with flint, steel, and tinder. The lucifer-match is a convenience unknown to the Chinese, or at least but very lately and very sparsely introduced. These scissors, which in our hands would prove a very clumsy instrument, deserve notice from their quaint, snake-like form. Strange and awkward as their shape appears, they are yet made to do their work well in the skilful hand of the initiated.

The wages of the tailor we were surprised to find lower than those of almost every other trade, an inferiority of remuneration which he owes to his own dishonest practices. Abstraction of the stuffs committed to his charge by his customers is his incurable vice, against which they on their part protect themselves by the lowness of the wages paid for his work; and thus his notorious dishonesty has introduced a nefarious system, in which theft of his customer's property supplements the

low remuneration which he obtains. One case, and one only, has come under my own observation, where, after years had passed away, Christian conscientiousness led to the desire to restore that which common custom had permitted to be taken, and restoration was in fact made, to the great surprise of the person to whom it was offered.

The thread used, even for ordinary work, is of silk. Cotton thread is rarely seen; it figures as a curiosity in the shop-fronts of the smaller linen-drapers.

The women's dresses, save among the poor, are invariably made by men. The richer and more delicate embroidery is also done by their hands: and when some of the ladies of our small foreign community needed satin bonnets, and did not care to go to the expense of the home article, or to wait the delay of the order and the five months' voyage, a tailor was called in, who, with that versatility of talent which is so characteristic of the people, soon followed the foreign "muster" (Anglicè, pattern), and fitted them to admiration.

One feature of Chinese tailoring distinct from our own is the absence of those large establishments which we call "tailors." No one goes to a tailor's to order a garment, but purchases his own

material at the shop, and then sends for a working-hand, who comes to his house at so much per day. Those large handsome shops, such as we find in the metropolis or in our principal provincial towns, whose masters are in some instances the owners of princely estates, and who by the influence derived from wealth occupy a high position in society, are entirely absent from Chinese cities.

As in my sketch of the cobbler, I took the opportunity of saying something about Chinese shoes, so would I avail myself of the sketch of the tailor, to say a word or two on Chinese dress. No nation pays greater attention to this matter, or is more particular about the adaptation of the material, both as to quality and quantity, to the season. Our inattention to it is, to an unbiassed observer, simply ludicrous. In all our three great professions, the same material prevails for coat, waistcoat, and trousers, whatever be the season. In some of our campaigns in hot climates, the thick coat and heavy hat have destroyed more lives than the sword and bullet of the enemy.* The only answer to

* Hundreds of letters might be quoted, written during the late war in India, all concurring in this testimony. Thus, in a letter from Allahabad, dated June 28th, the writer says: "It is wretched to see

those who urge objections against the black cloth coat and stiff hat on an oppressive summer's day, is a groan against the exactions of polite society. Things are mending among us, but we have much yet to accomplish. Mark now the Chinaman. His material is changed with the changing season. He has every variety of texture, from the stout broad cloths of Russia and England, fur-lined, thickly-wadded overcoats, down to the flimsiest silk gauze or grass-cloth which the loom can spin. In the depth of winter, when the thermometer stands often some ten degrees below freezing point, no fire is used; indeed, except in the kitchen, the houses are not provided with fire-places, nor are any stoves used beyond a small charcoal pan for the feet. The only way, therefore, by which to fence off the cold is to put on extra clothing, which is done to a degree which quite surprises

how the soldiers die, particularly on the march, from sun-stroke and apoplexy. Hundreds who have died might have been saved,—in fact, never would have been taken ill at all,—if the Government would only give the men a decent protection for the head, instead of the wretched little forage cap, which is no protection at all. When I was in the Bays, out of a detachment of about 300 men, in a fortnight we buried twenty-two men and one officer, every one of them from sun-stroke and apoplexy. Many regiments have been losing men at the rate of half a dozen per diem."

us. Those only who have amused themselves with skinning an onion can have any idea of the number of garments which are successively stripped from a Chinaman's back in the winter season. The long wadded or fur-lined robe which completes the Chinaman's suit, buttons close round the neck, reaches down nearly to the feet, and envelopes the whole body. It is an admirable invention, and one most suited to the quiet habits and sedate walk of the Asiatic gentry. Not that we could make any general use of it, any more than we could endure the long finger-nails of the Eastern scholar. Amongst ourselves it could only be suited for the dressing-room, into which its merits may ere long gain for it an introduction. A late advertisement, "The dressing-dress, an Eastern suggestion," made one think whether, among our new fashions, we might not soon have something very like the long warm robe of our Chinese friends.

Altogether China stands high in the matter of dress. She will not suffer, either in the material of her fabrics, or the shape of her clothes, or the workmanship of her artizans, in comparison with most other nations. In some respects she has the decided superiority; and if we take into conside-

ration the nature of the climate, and the character of the people, with the exception of the women's bandaged feet, we shall find it difficult to criticise the suitableness or the efficiency of any portion of the male or female attire.

A SPORTSMAN.

THE SCAVENGER.—No. 1.

No. 22.

THE SCAVENGER.

NOTHING can well be more graphic than this phase of Chinese life. My friend, the artist, doubtless felt that I had a difficult subject to handle, so he has given me one of his most pleasing and life-like etchings. I would gladly have avoided a subject like this, had I not felt that my pictures of Chinese life would be incomplete without it. No foreigner has lived long among the native community without carrying away with him vivid recollections of these scavengers; and, wherever he has summoned up courage to speak on the subject, his information has invariably been followed with an exclamation of astonishment. It is a matter difficult to handle without being offensive to squeamish minds. The *Times'* correspondent, in his most graphic letters, was almost the first who boldly and plainly spoke out, but it is, nevertheless, one of vast social importance. Those who remember how Father Thames became, in the drought of last summer, fetid with decomposed matter, threatening

the lives of thousands compelled to live in its vicinity, and forcing attention upon statesmen of both Houses of Parliament, may be disposed to listen for a few minutes to what I have to say on the main drainage of large Chinese cities.

Here, I trust, all who are afraid of a practical subject, which deals with gross matters of detail, will shut their eyes, and turn over two or three leaves, when they will find something more to their taste. Having thus given fair warning, I may proceed.

Be it known, then, that in Chinese cities and towns no underground sewers or drains exist, save a rudely-constructed covered gutter in the centre of the larger streets, which carries off the superfluous rain and the few slops of the houses lining the wayside. The rivers or canals, therefore, which lie in the outskirts of large towns, or even upon which large cities are situated, are comparatively pure. A bather in the stream, above or below the city, would find little or no difference in the purity of the water, which is measured rather by the number of boats plying upon its surface, than by the population inhabiting its banks.

Rows of large earthen jars, each standing about three feet high by three in diameter,—or an im-

mense tank, built of slabs of stone carefully cemented together,—are sunk by the sides of thronged thoroughfares, even in the midst of towns or cities; over these are built wooden sheds, open towards the road: no attempt at concealment by boarding or doors in front being made. To the European this gives the appearance of gross indecency, though, by the force of habit, it is not considered in the slightest degree to offend against the laws of propriety. As, then, either these public receptacles, or similar ones in private dwellings, become full, the scavenger of our picture comes and takes away the contents in his large pails, which he carries, as usual, by a stout pole, or split bamboo, across his shoulders. If a canal is in the neighbourhood, he provides, at a convenient spot, a large empty boat, into which the contents of his pails are discharged. It is thus moved off into the country, and sold to the farmers and occupiers of the land, who store it in similar earthen jars, which they keep at the corners of their fields, where the foot-paths intersect, ready for use. Woe to the unfortunate traveller who brings his boat to an anchor, after a weary day's journey, just under the lee of one of these vessels of perfumery, as it has often happened to myself, when I invariably

found the boatmen unable to sympathize with my strong feelings of annoyance; and who, if other arguments failed, would try to comfort me as the Taoutai of Shanghai comforted Her Majesty's consul, who complained of the stench of a public convenience immediately under the walls of his (then) Chinese residence, by saying that it was very wholesome.*

It is said that "the Chinese mix their night-soil with one-third of its weight of fat marl, make it into cakes, and dry it by exposure to the sun. In this state it is free from any disagreeable smell, and forms a common article of commerce in the empire."

This may be true in some parts of the country, but I have never seen it, nor heard of it, during my residence in China.

As to the absence of smell, I doubt if this advantage would appear so great to a Chinaman as

* In an excursion made to the monastery of Teen-tung in the year 1845, by Mr., now Dr. Smith, Bishop of Victoria, he says, "Instead of the fresh breezes of autumn, and the inhalations of the pure country air, the rice-fields and gardens gave forth most offensive odours, caused by the manure with which the ripening crops were covered. Not a particle of refuse is lost by this people, who place large jars and vessels in every corner of their villages to receive these seeds of fertility and wealth. Boats passed and repassed laden with this disagreeable cargo."

it would to one of ourselves; his olfactory organs are decidedly much less sensitive than our own. I also doubt whether the absence of smell would not imply absence of fertilizing power and strength. So it has been proved in our large towns where the deodorizing process has been employed; the fertilizing property has evaporated, and its value, as a manure, has been so greatly deteriorated as to be hardly worth even the cost of cartage to the land. The names of night-men and night-soil, which we have given as euphemisms to this occupation and commodity, are inapplicable in China, for all its collecting and removal, as well as application, is carried on in open day. There are few things more offensive to the foreign inhabitant of a Chinese city, during the summer-months especially, than the presence, in the very narrow and crowded streets, of men similar to our picture. We stumble upon them at every turn, and no little caution is needed to avoid the calamity of contact. Occasionally, also, through a slip of the foot, or the giving way of the carrying gear, the contents of the pails is upset and floods the foot-path. Not very long since, the city of Hangchow, which numbers about a million of inhabitants, was put to very serious inconvenience by a rupture between these

men, who form a separate class, and a mandarin. It appears that one of them had inadvertently run against the great man's sedan-chair, who, in his annoyance, ordered him to be bastinadoed. All his fraternity took up his cause, and when the sentence of the magistrate was carried into effect, they, to a man, refused to do any more work till an apology was made. So determined were they, and so high did the feud run, that the city was brought to the point of suffocation, and the mandarin was obliged to yield the point, so far offering an apology as to acknowledge that he had been too hasty, and that the punishment of the offender was unjust. Hangchow, but for this reparation, exacted by the offended majesty of the scavengers, might have been dug out from under a heap of human guano; but concession restored it to its former condition of prosperity, and it still exists to tell the tale of the ruin which once impended it.

The manure is used for almost all the *vegetable* crops. The rice lands are flooded in the early spring, and some deposit is thus obtained to enrich and renovate the soil. They are also sown with a clover-layer, which is ploughed into the land. Bullocks and horses are so few in number, in comparison with the population, that long manure is hardly

THE SCAVENGER.—No. 2.

To face p. 161.

an appreciable fraction of the whole. All the tribe of vegetables and plants which require to be rapidly developed, such as cabbages, beans, cucumbers, melons, Indian corn, millet, and some of the choicer flowers, are treated with this manure in a liquid state. The instrument used for this purpose (which is shown in the sketch opposite) is simply a small spouted tub, fixed to the end of a pole. The manure is then poured over the plant, and left to find its way to the roots. This process ceases some weeks before the vegetables are cut for the market; a very necessary fact to be known, but one which, even when known, hardly reconciles the foreigner to the sight of Chinese greens on his dinner-table. It is generally allowed that an excessive quantity of manure imparts a strong and disagreeable flavour to vegetables, and this is found to be the case with those cultivated in the Chinese gardens.

The whole subject is one which may well occupy the attention of English agriculturists. In no matter of practical farming are we so deficient as in this. Holland, and other continental nations, are very far in advance of us. It is only of late years that much attention has been paid to the subject. Many schemes have been proposed for

making effective the sewerage of our large cities, and especially of the metropolis; but none has as yet been brought forward which has carried conviction of its feasibility. We could not, indeed, adopt the almost primitive plan of the Chinese; still, stone or cemented cess-pools, which should receive the drainage both of houses and stables, might, by degrees, be introduced into every well-regulated establishment, and be essential to the plan of any stables or sheds for horses and cattle.

It is calculated that from the city of London alone there falls into the Thames a million pounds sterling per annum, and when we add to this statement the fact that this same investment of a million a-year, instead of regenerating our fields, returns to us for interest the threat, at least, of death to the thousands who are compelled to inhale the poisonous gases which escape, it will be allowed that the Chinese have something to say for their primitive, simple, effective, and yet very offensive method of getting rid of the nuisance.

STREET BEGGARS.

No. 23.

STREET BEGGARS.

BEGGARS form a numerous fraternity in China. In some parts of the country they constitute a powerful body, and boast of an independent government, under their own king. A distinction, however, must be drawn between those who are compelled to beg from sheer poverty, or misfortune, and those who have made choice of begging as a profession. The aged, the blind (at least those of them who do not gain a livelihood by fortune-telling), the widow with her fatherless children, the lame, and the infirm, may be seen at the corners of streets, imploring in piteous tones an alms of the passer-by. Sometimes, when a flood devastates a tract of country, sweeping away the dwellings of hundreds of the inhabitants, or when, by the failure of the crops of a district, food rises to famine price, then formidable gangs of men, women, and children appear, levying contributions on the more-favoured regions. Forlorn and miser-

able, these troops of half-famished vagrants take up their abode in any spot that promises an appearance of shelter, lodging in the watch-towers of the city walls, or even in the empty tombs of deserted burial grounds, and from their abodes of misery emerging with wild and threatening cries and entreaties for relief.

The beggars represented in our sketch are of the associated band of mendicants, whose character for profligacy is but too notorious. They are, by common report, slaves to every vice, especially to that of opium-smoking; and so necessary does this drug in some form become that, if times go hard with them, they are compelled to satisfy their cravings by smoking out the dregs of the exhausted opium-pipes, scraped together in the public divans. Their mode of extorting money is bold and systematic. A certain rate is arbitrarily imposed on the principal shops of a street: the rate being levied and paid, there is an exemption from further importunity, guaranteed by the exhibition of a red ticket, which is a sign to the fraternity that the "black mail" has been levied and paid. Where this red ticket has not been given, and the terms of compact have not been submitted to, the shop is open to their assault. The sum which

they by clamour impudently extort is small in amount—a single coin, in value about the thirtieth part of a penny, is a sufficient exemption from further molestation, at least for the day. Their weapons of importunity are fearfully effective. Peace and quietness fly from the presence of these men, armed with instruments which emit the most annoying and disagreeable sounds. No customer can make himself understood to the shopman while these rattles, accompanied by some wild cries, are going; and the rate which is not given in love is submissively tendered under this noisy menace. This the very matter-of-fact-looking person in our sketch is in the act of doing. That peculiar attitude in pushing the coin with the two fingers, and that imperturbable and self-satisfied air, are thoroughly characteristic of the Chinaman.

The noises made by these rattles are of many kinds. Sometimes a few copper coins of the country are turned rapidly round in a metal or Chinaware basin; a simple construction, which the reader, if curious, may test by thus turning, with a dexterous movement of the wrist, a few farthings in a common bowl. Sometimes a piece of large bamboo is struck with a stout stick; sometimes, again, pieces of wood, like castanets, are made to produce a

clacking sound; sometimes, pieces of brass are beaten together; all of them very simple creations of the mischievous faculty in man, and rivalling each other in power of sending forth the most grating and discordant sounds. Provided with these, they are truly masters of the situation, and levy their extortions, undisturbed by the frowns or more active interference of the civil magistrate. I must beg the reader to mark the braided queue (vulgò tail) of both the mendicant figures, bound over their caps. This is a common sign of active employment, hardihood, and energy. All with whose occupations the long, pendant tail would interfere, carefully coil it up, using it, in fact, as a fastening to keep the cap on the head. The men of the province of Fokien, who longest resisted the Tartar mode of tonsure, still adopt the custom of binding their queues round their heads, and covering all over with a blue turban.

If any among this class of beggars violates the laws of order, save in the recognized and tolerated manner just described, he is amenable to the rules of his own community; and a representation made to the chief would entail on the offender immediate punishment. Thus their license is restrained within certain bounds, and though they may justly

be regarded as a great public nuisance, they are not generally, in other respects, disturbers of the public peace, at least in towns and populous districts. In more retired quarters they are, however, apt to become formidable, and substitute plunder on a large scale for the smaller extortions permitted, as we have seen, in the populous localities. They will even attack the traveller, and rob him if they can. I know from personal experience that a bold demeanor is the best means of warding off their attacks. Woe to the unfortunate traveller whose expressed fears tempt these rude vagrants to an assault. His purse is sure to suffer to the full extent of its contents.

There is yet another class of mendicants, who resort to the same expedients which are used among ourselves for exciting compassion. A piteous tale of distress is written with chalk on the pavement, or painted on a square board; and the sufferer, frantic with grief, will beat the head violently against the hard stone, to move the pity of the passenger. It is as difficult, too, to distinguish simulated from real distress, as it is in England. I once took the trouble of causing a man, who professed that his wrist had been nearly hacked through in an engagement with pirates, to be car-

ried in a sedan chair to the dispensary of a medical friend, who, after due inspection, pronounced it a case for amputation. Preparations were actually made for the operation. A priest belonging to an adjoining Buddhist monastery was engaged to receive and nurse him till convalescent; the surgeon began to remove the bandage; amid the shrieks of the supposed sufferer, warm water was applied to soften the coagulated blood; roll after roll of the bandage was removed, until at last the wrist appeared stripped, but perfectly sound and whole. So ingeniously was the imposture contrived, that it thus at first deceived even the practised eye of a foreign surgeon.

It may be added to this sketch of Asiatic mendicancy, that the greater portion of the beggars of China are so from choice: a fact which is evinced in the common proverb, "The finest rice has not charms equal to a roving liberty."

測字

THE SYMBOLISM OF WORDS.

No. 24.

THE SYMBOLISM OF WORDS.

FORTUNE-TELLING has many different branches, each of which demands a long apprenticeship for its acquisition. For instance, the determination of lucky and unlucky days, calculated by the aspect of particular stars and planets, is a definite study and pursuit. It would be a mistake to suppose it all mere guess-work, or all mere conscious imposture; it is regarded as a science, and the majority of those who practise it persuade themselves of its truth. In the Imperial Almanack of each year, which is, as it were, an accredited Moore's almanack, are recorded under every month what days are good for consummating marriages, for commencing journeys, for opening schools, for building houses, for dedicating temples, &c. But this authoritative publication does not interfere with the practice of the occult art by private individuals, who not only deal with some general principles of astrology, but who are also ready to give

information on any event over which futurity holds her dark and impenetrable veil. In the case of betrothment, the horoscope of the two affianced parties is previously examined; the year, the month, the day, the hour,* of their birth is accurately noted; and by two signs belonging to each of these four periods of the year, the propriety of completing the engagement is determined. If anything very fearful and forbidding should appear in the two horoscopes, the proposed agreement would not be carried out; it would not be thought prudent to run counter to the plainly-expressed opinion of the powers above.

Fortune-tellers of every kind find constant employment. Their shops are seldom empty; for the Chinese mind, ignorant or forgetful of the doctrine of a supreme and ever-ruling Providence, is always finding occasions to consult these astrologers and mystery-mongers.

Our picture represents a kind of fortune-telling which is much in vogue, the employment of which reveals the literary character of the nation. A number of important and significant words are first selected; each of these are then written upon a

* "Hour." This is a division of time consisting of two hours. Every day is divided into twelve parts, called sze tsing.

separate slip of thin card-board, which is made-up into a roll, like those very tiny scrolls of parchment, inscribed with a verse of scripture, which are used at the present day by the Jews in their phylacteries. These slips of card-board, amounting altogether to several hundreds, are shaken together in a box; and the consulting party—moved, perhaps, with solicitude to know the result of an intended expedition, or a coming engagement in business,—repairing to the fortune-teller who is always to be found at some convenient corner of a street, puts in his hand and draws from the box one of these scrolls of paper. The mysteries of the art are now displayed; the fortune-teller, writing the significant word on a white board which he keeps at his side, begins to discover its root and derivation, shows its component parts, explains where its emphasis lies, what its particular force is in composition, and then deduces from its meaning and structure some particulars, which he applies to the special case of the consulter. No language, perhaps, possesses such facilities for diviners and their art as the Chinese; and the words selected are easily made to evolve, under the manipulation of a skilful artist, some mystical meaning of oracular indefiniteness. Some faint notion of this method

of divination may be gathered from remarking the change of meaning which, in our own and other languages, arises from the transposition of the letters forming a name or sentence. For instance, the name Horatio Nelson becomes, by a happy alliteration, Honor est a Nilo. Again, Vernon becomes Renown, and Waller, Laurel. Or in the remarkable instance of Pilate's question, Quid est veritas, which by transposition gives, Est vir qui adest.

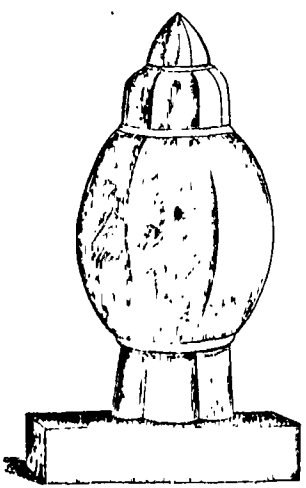
Now let the reader fix his eye on our sketch. Here is the diviner engaged in his functions. He is seated within a frame, on the front board of which is written, in Chinese, the words "Seek after the good omen; avoid the evil destiny;" and just before him is the box with its scrips of ominous import, on which, also, are inscribed laudations of his own proficiency in the art—the art to fathom the meaning of words. The significant scroll has been drawn forth by the patient, and our diviner is in the act of separating it into its component parts, and explaining its meaning to the case in hand. See how our divining friend, evidently a master of his art, is glibly unfolding its hidden depths, while with his pencil he rapidly traces the lines which form the word.

The way in which he holds this pencil, seldom

properly attained by the foreigner, is etched with a life and accuracy which makes any description of mine unnecessary. That lantern in front will be lit at night, when the vermillion letters inscribed on the transparent paper will attract the attention of the passers-by, and invite them to try the fortune-teller's skill. The countenance of the countryman shows a quiet stupidity and good-humour, very characteristic of the northener, inhabiting the low alluvial plains of Chekeang. The never-failing lantern rests by his side, ready to light him home if belated. Even on the full moon, if he be a careful Chinaman, he will not have omitted to bring it with him. He has thrown down his three copper cash (about half a farthing of our money), which is the fee demanded for the consultation. If he has lost no more than this, he may consider himself a fortunate man. Not that he will be cheated out of his money, for the trade is honestly conducted, and there is a fixed fee for each consultation; but that, instead of relying upon his own energy, and acting upon high principles of rectitude, he has exposed himself to the blight of evil surmisings and to many a temptation, by making himself a slave to superstitious fear. The scene we have just described is as ancient as it is common. I

have no doubt that every day for the last 2000 years, similar scenes have appeared in every part of China. And at present they are repeatedly seen by the side of a thronged thoroughfare, or in the open space between the outer and inner gate of a Chinese city, where crowds are constantly moving to and fro, in the pursuit of their business or amusement. The diviner and his stall are also sure to be seen at any great fair or religious festival, and generally wherever experience has taught men that the trade might be profitably plied. It is astonishing what a number of persons earn a livelihood by an occupation of which we should think every day's events would prove the fallacy. No one lifts up his voice against it. The Confucianist thinks it may be necessary for the rude, uneducated mind. Both the Buddhist and the Taonist encourage all feelings of dependence on the unseen world, as it is sure to bring a revenue to their monasteries. The state religion does indeed ridicule all such superstitions, but it is powerless to keep the people from practising them, nor do any of the influential men of the country see any sufficient reason to interfere. It is not (say they) a question of good government or good morals, it merely concerns a man's own mental convictions, and we may safely leave these

to take their own course. A very favourite expression of theirs is, "If you believe, these things have reality; if you believe not, they have none." By which is meant, that every person must be guided by his own convictions; that the great matter is sincerity and earnestness, and that a false creed heartily embraced, where it does not oppose morality, will be of more use to restrain and govern than a barren orthodoxy.



CRYSTAL VASE.

A MOUNTAIN CARRIER.

THE MATCH-MAKERS.

No. 25.

THE MATCH-MAKERS.

IT is now pretty generally known to those at all familiar with the habits of China, that as a rule, no Chinese girl has any chance of continuing in single blessedness, and dying an old maid. Her destiny is usually determined very early in life. Except the nuns of Buddha and Taou, who are celibates of a very suspicious order, every woman in China above the age of twenty years is a wife, and if Heaven favour, a mother. The union of the two parties, who by the powers above have been destined for each other (for the proverb, marriages are made in heaven, obtains there as here), is not left to any forttuitous concurrence of events. The gentle season of wooing, so prolific of tender emotions, soft sayings, and delicate attentions, has not yet dawned on the youths and maidens of China. Match-making is a serious business, nay, a special function among the Chinese. All the preliminaries are effected, either by a common

friend of the families (*mei-jin*); or by a privileged class of persons ("*sung-neang*"). Among the curiosities of Chinese real life, the functions of these professional match-makers are not the least strange and remarkable. These women are found only in certain parts of China; none north of the Hang-chow river; none, that I am aware of, without the limits of the province of Chekeang.

A class of men called *do-be*—(by a singular coincidence the very same name which describes one of the low castes of India)—were degraded from their social position some four centuries back, as a punishment for a revolt against the then-reigning power. So tradition, rather than any authentic history, has recorded. Against these men the road to official promotion is barred. They are not permitted to enter the lists at the periodical literary contests, nor are they allowed to make choice of any trade or profession. The bearing of sedan-chairs, the pedlar's weary round, the barber's menial toil, and the stage, are the only means of livelihood open to them. They intermarry with one another; and their wives, debarred from social intercourse with the daughters of the country, have found that they can make themselves useful in the singular occupation of effecting matrimonial

arrangements between the members of different families, moving in the same sphere of life. They may, perhaps, be more trusted in this employment because they can have no family interests of their own to serve. All that they look for by way of recompense is a certain sum of money for their good offices.

The engraving by our Chinese artist most accurately represents their appearance. They are dressed with the utmost plainness and neatness, and many of them are good-looking, which, however, is no recommendation to their virtue; their feet are "got up" in the height of the prevailing fashion. Though constantly exposed to all kinds of weather in the pursuit of their functions, they never wear bonnet, hat, or head-dress of any kind, save their own black hair with the glossy "butterflies' wings"* at the back of the head. Wet or fine they always carry an umbrella, which has a particularly long handle, and serves the double use of protection from rain and a walking-stick; a small bundle of blue and white check, containing a change of shoes, or some article of dress or ornament, completes the outfit. Each has, either by law, or by custom powerful as law, a district as-

* "Butterflies' wings," see sketch, The Collector of Hair.

signed to her; over this she travels at certain periods, and endeavours to effect matrimonial alliances between the families whom she visits. Often the agreement has been previously made by the families themselves without her assistance; in which case her services are only needed on the few days previous and subsequent to the day of marriage, when she is ready to support the bride when she worships with her bridegroom-elect before the ancestral shrine, or receives the congratulations of her visitors, and to accompany her when she, according to custom, subsequent to marriage, pays her visits of ceremony to the houses of her friends. If any have been accustomed to think of the Chinese women as so crippled by the process of binding the foot as to be unable to walk, let him learn to correct, or at least to modify his opinion by the picture now before him. Here are women, with feet in the extreme of fashion, who yet daily go their rounds in the prosecution of their trade. There is, doubtless, some inconvenience felt, especially by those who do not accustom themselves to walking; but the accounts given of the evil consequences of crippled feet are much exaggerated; and if that suggestion were true, that the fathers and husbands introduced this fashion in order to

keep their wives and daughters from gadding about, all we can say is, that they have miserably failed in their attempt. Of the thousands of women who crowd the Buddhist temples on gala days, or who make pilgrimages to sacred shrines in the country, by far the greater part travel almost literally *on* their ten toes, eight of which are doubled up underneath the foot.

We are by no means, however, apologists, much less advocates for the fashion, any more than for the flattening of the heads, or the contracting of the waists, which yet prevail in some countries only partially civilized; and it will be well for China's daughters when this barbarous custom, which originated from the Imperial palace, and spread by the irresponsible law of fashion, shall in the same way cease to be followed. The popular feeling at present is so strong for its use, that these "*sung-neang*" would find it very difficult to obtain a husband for a large-footed damsel. However beautiful her features might be, yet this stigma of vulgarity would be an effectual barrier to her matrimonial prospects. It would be regarded as a sure sign of low extraction, possibly of an abandoned life; some Tartar or European influence would be

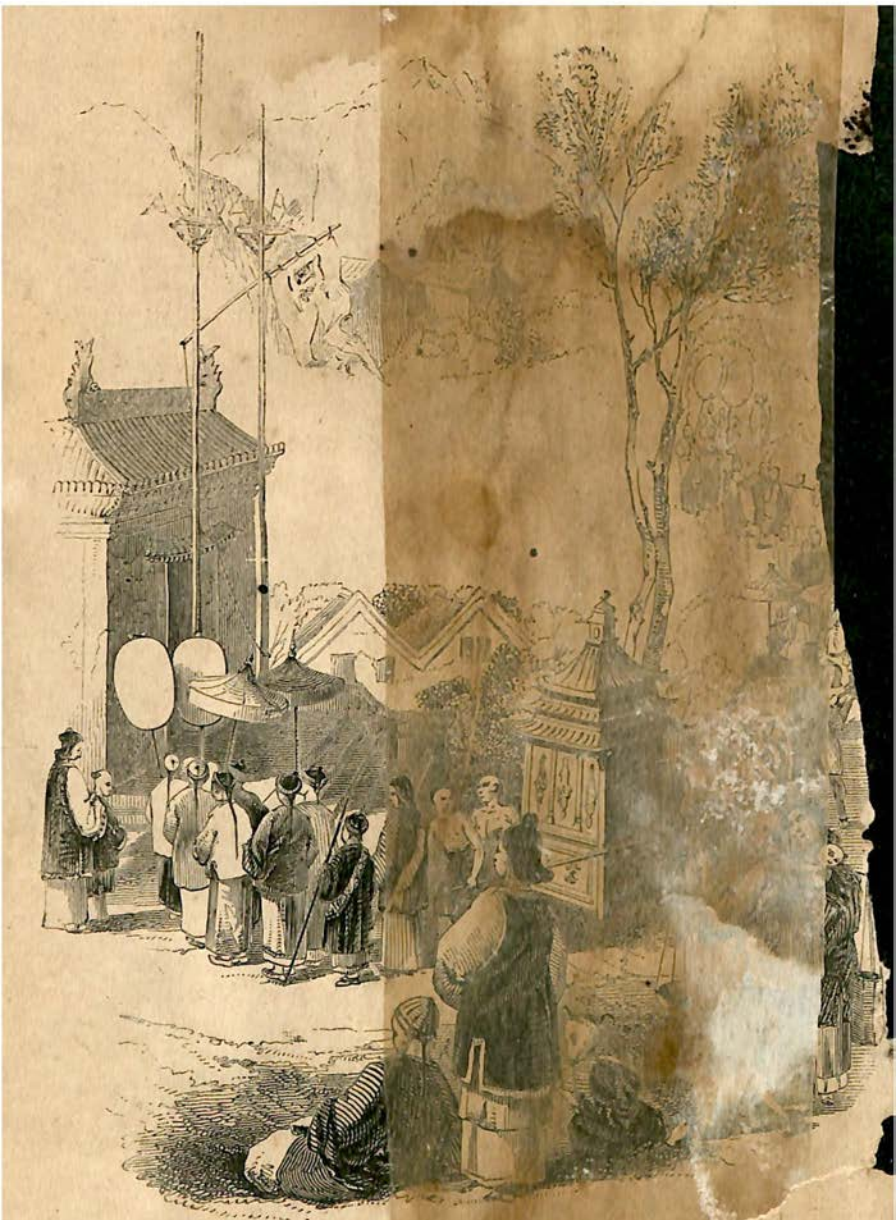
suspected, or some connection with the despised nuns of the religious sects.

What a strange view does the match-maker present of Chinese life! How differently constituted must their society be from our own which can endure an institution like this! With what eyes would a young Englishman look upon one of these traders as she emerged from a neighbour's house? He would be miserable under the thought that preliminaries of marriage might have been just settled and his fate in life sealed. The youth in China, however, seldom has spirit enough to resist this tyrannical law of social life. He submits with as good grace as may be to the appointment, and performs his matrimonial engagement as a necessary filial duty. When, through shyness or other cause, he might have incurred the charge of deepest filial impiety—the absence of children—the match-maker comes to his aid, and helps him out of his difficulty.

No one need ask about the results of a system like this. It is the prolific parent of domestic bickering. Save in a few exceptional cases, there is no congeniality of sentiment, no reciprocity of sweet affection between husband and wife.

The institution, however, must and will continue unaltered while woman remains uneducated, and where the wife is not regarded as the fit companion and adviser of her husband. The only power which can expel the "*sung-neang*" from the cities and villages which she now occupies, is the higher estimate of the character and duties of woman. The Chinese in their novels are not without this idea; they wait to be taught that it may become, under Christian teaching, the rule of common life, instead of an exception of romance.

A COUNTRY WOMAN.



A MARRIAGE PROCESSION.

THE ROLL OF THE NAMES OF HONOUR.

No. 26.

THE ROLL OF THE NAMES OF HONOUR.

OF the four cardinal pleasures mentioned by the Chinese, one is "to see your name on the roll of honour."* A distinction which well repays all the study and anxiety of the previous ten, twenty, or thirty years bestowed to attain it.

Nothing is so much coveted by a man, either for himself or his children, as this, and the higher honours and emoluments to which it may lead.

The list of the successful candidates is at first placarded in front of the great examination hall, where the two thousand students of the district have lately sat, undergoing their trial. It is affixed also to the outer wall of the mandarin's office, where crowds soon gather to con over its contents, hoping to find the name of some relative or friend among those who have earned distinction in the contest.

* The other three are—

In time of drought to see refreshing rain;
In a strange place to meet a bosom friend;
The candles lighted in the marriage hall.

An office like that represented in our picture meets with ready support. As soon as the list has been made public, and can again be printed off, our lively friend, putting on his cap of etiquette with the red tassel, armed with a gong, and gifted with a stentorian voice, proclaims through the smaller towns and retired country villages, that he has the true and genuine list of these names of merit for sale, and finds many, who, from interest or mere curiosity, are willing to become purchasers.

It is no mean honour to have obtained even the first grade in the ladder of promotion; and parents are highly gratified if their child be found among thirty or forty foremost names of the two thousand who once every three years contend for the degree of *siew tsai*. This honour and this delight are, of course, intensified in proportion to the value of the degree obtained.

The first grade confers the privilege of wearing a certain dress at the formal visit of the examining commissioners, and of having a gold button to the cap; the second grade places the fortunate competitor in the way of obtaining office under Government. A higher step still, attainable only by a visit to the capital, makes him a marked man, even among millions; for the family which had a

member of the degree of *tsing sze* would be known throughout a whole province; while he who advanced higher still, and came out the first name of all in the Imperial College of Han-lin would be known throughout the whole land, and all classes would delight to do him honour. These wandering heralds of his fame bear on the flag at their backs his name, which is thus blazoned abroad through all the districts of the eighteen provinces; nor is there a village, however far removed from the ordinary intercourse of life, which will not learn some particulars of his history. His own native place is especially proud to do him service, and is never tired of proclaiming the honour which his talents have conferred upon it; and when he moves abroad, the inns by the wayside, at which he halts, or the Buddhist monasteries, which lodge him for the night, never forget to boast of their distinguished guest.

It is easy to conceive how great must be the stimulus which this Chinese system gives to learning. There is no difficulty in inducing parents to send their boys to school. Even the poorest find money to do this, hoping that their son may show such an amount of talent as will put him in the position either of a schoolmaster or private tutor;

or that he may even rise above the first grade of academical distinction, and become, by successive steps, a magistrate, a judge, a secretary of state, or even a prime minister. The children, too, easily susceptible of praise, are urged on by many graphic stories of men, great in their country's history, who have raised themselves to positions of eminence by application and perseverance. These are now becoming familiar to the English reader. Of this kind is the story of the youth, who, too poor to buy a candle, managed, through a chink in his neighbour's partition wall, to study his task by night. Another, under similar pressure of poverty, is said to have confined in a glass-bottle a firefly, by the light of which he conned his midnight task. The account given of a third is, that he fastened his long queue to the beam above him, that when, overcome by fatigue, he nodded over his task, he might be roused to fresh exertion. The sequel to these tales, of course, is that the hard-working student emerges from his poverty, and becomes a hero in the annals of his country. And when these tales appear too childish for the advancing student, there are never wanting living examples of those who are reaping the golden fruits of their untiring industry, to excite his emulation.

The Chinese very early commenced with this competitive system, and they have practised it successfully for many centuries. The incoming of the Manchow power produced no change in this respect. The foreign conqueror acted most wisely in tying his yoke upon the necks of the people with the soft and silken cord of their own most valued institution.

Literary merit, notwithstanding the increasing number of cases of bribery, is still the real ground of promotion. Any great departure from this rule invariably brings down the wrath of the people upon the head of the offending magistrate; and most serious disaffection will certainly follow any general departure from old-established principle and practice. Many, indeed, trace the disturbances, which for the last ten years have been threatening the overthrow of the Manchow dynasty, to the fact, that wealth, rather than merit, is, in so many cases, becoming the step to official promotion.

ANCIENT CHINESE VASE.

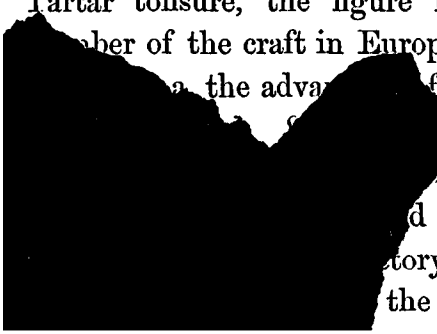
THE COBBLER.

No. 27.

THE COBBLER; OR, A CHAPTER ON SHOES.

WE have before us, imported from the shores of a land whose sunrises eight hours before our own, a figure, which, at the first glance, we all recognize. No one need look at the heading of this sketch, or read a line of our description—he knows at once that he is looking at a cobbler.

Who could mistake that peculiar attitude? The waxed thread has just been drawn through by both hands, and the double-stitch is being tightened to its extreme tension. The shoe is held between the knees in most approved cobbler fashion; and, with the exception of the peculiar Chinese features and Tartar tonsure, the figure might serve for any ber of the craft in Europe.



the adva f divisio labour is
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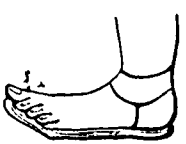
tory. There is none of
the leather, which makes

a similar shop amongst us so disagreeable; for, except in the hob-nailed shoe used in wet weather, there is but little leather employed in the construction of a Chinese shoe.

All its component parts are—for the top and sides, calico, silk, satin, or velvet; and for the soles, several layers of thick felt.

Shoes in China exhibit great varieties, in their material, shape, and workmanship,

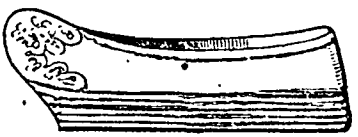
The lowest kind is the straw sandal worn by coolies, which merely protects the sole of the foot from injury, and is fastened by a band of straw over the instep.



Next to this is a light shoe, much worn by merchant pedestrians in the country, made of rushes; some, for greater durability, are interwoven with coarse cot[illegible] and b[illegible] arrow [illegible] comes the common [illegible] of material, according wearer. It is usually i toe adorned with pieces o

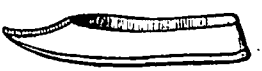
The wealthier classes

toes being embroidered elaborately in silk. The sole is the same thickness throughout, formed of three, four, five, six, or even seven layers of felt,



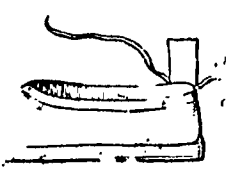
which is sometimes protected by a thin outer sole of leather. This thick sole is whitened with pipe-clay, and so cleaned.

The soldier's shoe is very peculiar in shape, and is easily recognized by its long pointed toe.



If tipped with iron, we could imagine this to be a more formidable weapon than the clumsy spear and matchlock of native warfare.

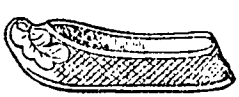
The common shoe of the children is made of brown or purple calico, bound with red, and worked



up the toe with coloured silk; the sole is formed of layers of coarse cloth stitched together. It is usually made by the female members of a household.

The children of the wealthier class generally wear shoes of scarlet satin, often highly embroidered, and pointed at the toe with ears and eyes, to resemble a tiger's head.

Another kind is the children's summer shoe, made of fine open rush-work, with a gay coloured lining, and the toe stitched with little pieces of velvet and gold thread, to look like a butterfly.



I must not altogether omit a description of the ladies' shoes, though these are all made and mended by themselves, and, therefore, do not properly belong to the province of our cobbler. The best thing I can do is to add a drawing of a shoe fitted to receive the "golden lily," for such is the polite synonym for the foot of the Chinese woman.

UNBOUND FOOT.

THE FASHION.

I dare not say to what extremes fashion may go

in other parts of China. By actual measurement I find the length of the women's shoe, about Ningpo, to be three-and-a-half inches from the heel to toe.

All I have now described, and I have by no means exhausted the catalogue, are what are called "dry" shoes; they are intended only for dry weather, and have little or no leather about them. They are well adapted for the paved roads which universally prevail on the Ningpo plain.

The rain-shoe, intended for wet weather, does not differ much in shape from those in ordinary use. It is, however, made altogether of leather, and is raised at least half-an-inch from the ground by iron pegs, which look very like the large stud-nails on the doors of churches. The poorer classes, in wet weather, often use a shoe with an inch-thick sole of wood, well deserving the name of our exploded clog. As only the sole is of wood, and the upper part of some soft material, this is greatly preferable to the wooden shoes of the Dutch sailors.

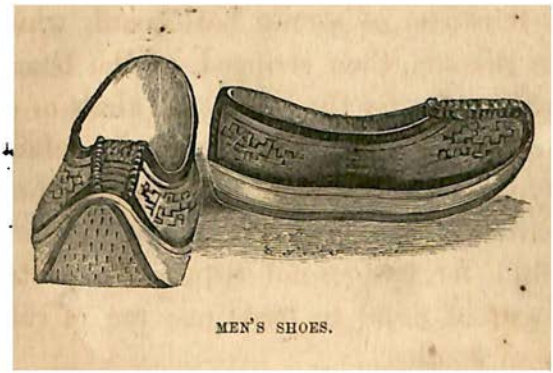
The shoes described above are all soft and easy to the feet. The foreigner who begins to wear them, finds that he can scarcely again bear the hard leather of his own boot. Corns and bunions

those plagues of an over-civilization, are almost unknown. The women alone seem to suffer much from them.

As it is intimately connected with this subject of shoes, I may describe an ingenious use to which the Chinese put old rags. One very common employment of women and children is, the pasting of bits of old rag on a board or shutter, till they are of the thickness of strong pasteboard, which are dried in the sun, then stripped off the board, and cut up into soles for the commoner kinds of shoes; one great reason why girls cannot be retained at the day-schools of the missionaries, is their employment at this work. They begin very early to be useful; for it does not require much strength of body or of mind to paste one rag of calico on the top of another.

The cobbler who heads this paper goes his rounds from street to street, and announces his presence with the rattle peculiar to his calling. He carries in his basket, on his back, all the implements necessary to his trade; a large piece of leather, more used in mending than in making shoes, a pair of uncouth scissors, a large knife, a stone on which to sharpen it, his wax, thread, needles, brad-awls, and

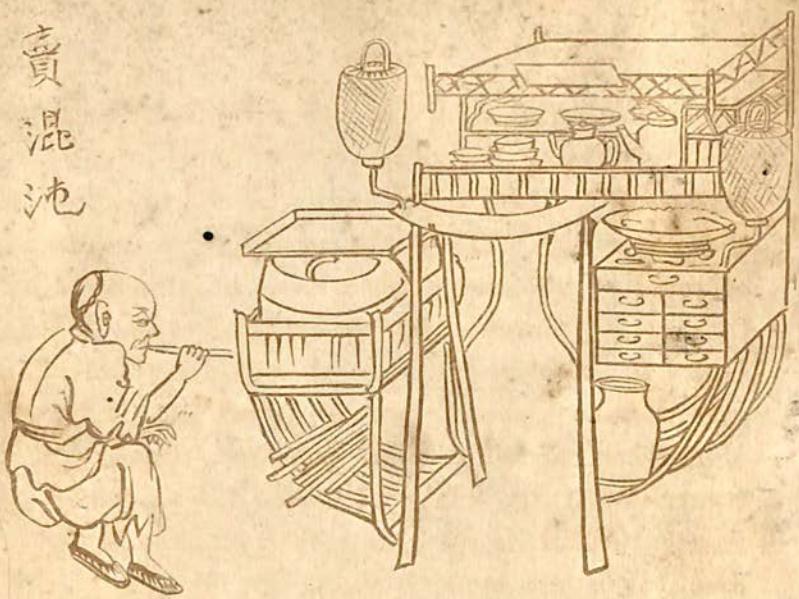
the other implements necessary to his functions. If your shoes are in need of repair, you do not send them to the shoe-maker's shop, but watch for the sound of the cobbler's rattle, and if you call him in, he will sit at work in your court-yard, and do what you want, both cheaply and expeditiously.



MEN'S SHOES.

PAGODA ISLAND.

賣混沌



THE COOK-SHOP.—No. 1.

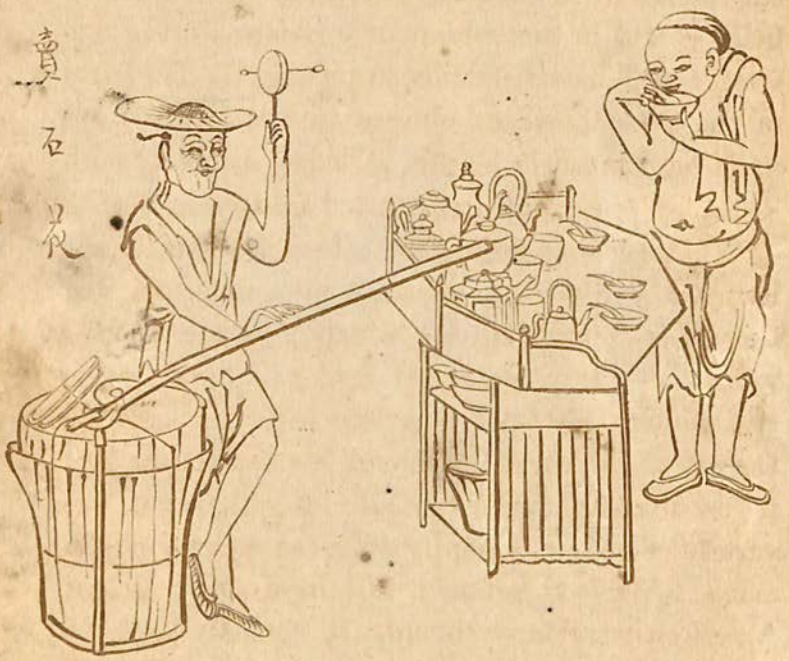
No. 28.

THE COOK-SHOP.

NO less than four of the pen-and-ink etchings of my Chinese friend relate to the culinary art. Photography itself could hardly exceed in accuracy these drawings. They are correct representations of some of the commonest phases of street-life in China; not pictures got up for the occasion, but scenes from every-day life. A stall, like that engraved on the opposite page, is carried on the back of the owner, and set down at some convenient corner of a street, where it remains till purchasers have exhausted its contents. Such are frequently found at a late hour of night, or even past the fourth watch, in the hope of catching some stray customer returning from business in the country, or some *roué* from the haunts of dissipation, who, enlivened by the fumes of opium, feels the keen edge of returning appetite. I cannot attempt to describe all the contents of the boiler in this pic-

ture, all that the different teapots and the eight small drawers contain. They are known only to the initiated, and many of them have no nomenclature among ourselves. If I may give the result of occasional investigation, I should say that the chief article of food which here tempts the palate, consists of very small rice-flour dumplings, stuffed with a sweet confectionery, and stewed in sweet-sauce. The stooping figure, who appears to be smoking a pipe, is, in reality, blowing up his wood or charcoal fire with his cheap and simple bellows. This instrument is constructed of a tube of bamboo with a small hole perforated at the joint. The stream of air exhaled from the lungs is thus concentrated upon one point without any waste of breath or needless puffing. For the furnaces of the ironmonger a much more effective bellows is used, which will be described in our account of the Brazier.

By the two paper lanterns attached to the portable cook-shop, we are reminded that the owner is preparing to open his *restaurant* for evening customers. His appearance and dress tell the tale of his own slender means. Seldom can he afford to taste the sweet and rich compounds which his customers devour. A bowl of boiled rice, with a relish



THE COOK-SHOP.—No. 2.

To face p. 201.

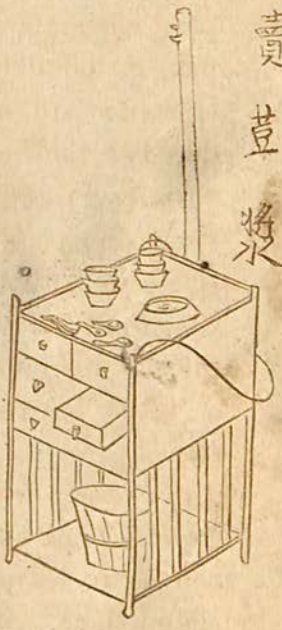
of salted vegetable, green or brown sea-weed, is his staple for breakfast, dinner, and supper. He does not, however, murmur at his lot; but rather, as he thrusts the contents of his bowl into his capacious mouth with two sticks, it may be extemporized for the occasion, he doubtless felicitates himself that he lives within the borders of a rice-producing district, and finds satisfaction in pitying the hard fate of the poor foreigner, obliged to live all his days upon hard bread or biscuit, varied occasionally with a slice of tough and half-roasted mutton or beef.

Whatever may be said by others against Chinese living, I will venture to state my conviction that there are few countries which produce such a variety of cheap and good food as China; fewer still which will bear comparison with her people in the art of cooking. Although no mutton or beef is used at the tables of the wealthy, yet the variety of *entrées* is hardly exceeded by any nobleman's table in England; nor have English and American merchants thought it beneath them to invite a party to dinner entirely "*à la Chinois*," save only in the use of plates instead of the smooth, polished table, and the substitution of spoon and forks for chopsticks. Knives are never required at a Chinese feast, nor are they ever seen in polite

society, but are confined to the purlieus of the kitchen. As to cooking, while it is generally a strong point with the people, the perfection of the art is nowhere more observable than in the monasteries of the Buddhists. They have but the simplest elements of food to deal with. No meat, no fish, no poultry, are allowed at their tables. No eggs, no lard, no butter, no milk, must be introduced in their confectionery. Vegetables alone are permitted; and yet by means of these a dinner of surprising variety is served up to table; and if the guest judged only by appearances, he would suppose that the worthy abbot had forgotten the rigid rules of his monastic establishment, and was about to break his vow by partaking of most heretical viands.

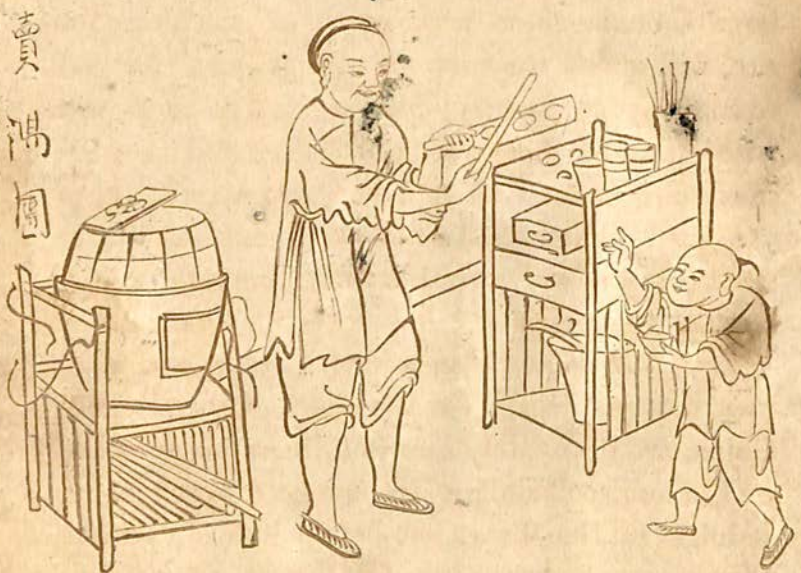
Foreigners who have travelled much in the interior of China, and have so far had faith in Chinese food as to leave their own baskets of provisions behind them, will bear their testimony to the great convenience of stalls like those represented in the accompanying engravings. You can seldom find a village which is too poor to supply something hot in the way of refreshment. No one as he travels, even in rural districts, need fear starvation. It may be only the simple bean-soup or bean-cakes

賣茸將水



THE COOK-SHOP.—No. 3.

To face p. 202.



THE COOK-SHOP.—No. 4.

To face p. 203.

which are offered, or the three-cornered *zo-me* rice-puddings, boiled in a wrapper of the plantain-leaf, and eaten with coarse sugar; or, again, something in the way of sausages—pork and onion chopped fine, with bread-crumbs and white of eggs to give consistency, made up into balls of the size of a large walnut—these, with bowls of steaming hot rice, will satisfy the cravings of appetite. As you continue your journey, here a stall tempts you with steamed buns of wheat-flour, filled with small dice of fat pork and lumps of sugar; or, if you need lighter food still, cakes and biscuits in great variety, and sweetmeats of every form, put forward their claims.

Earthworms and snails, rats, kittens, and puppies, though frequent in the pages of travellers in China, are fortunately rare in Chinese markets and on Chinese cook-stalls. No one need fear freely to indulge in the dishes set before him. Palatable they may not always be—for that "tastes differ" has passed into a proverb—still he may rest assured that the sensual Chinaman will not greatly offend against the laws of *gourmanderie*.

A CAMEL-DRIVER.

THE MARKET-MAN.

No. 29.

THE MARKET-MAN.

THE Biographer of Mr. Samuel Budgett, in his work called "The Successful Merchant," states that, when Mr. B. was a boy at school, he found that, "by buying a pennyworth of marbles, and selling to his schoolfellows in two half-pennyworths, he could honestly gain two marbles." Lozenges, also, by the same law, were found to yield similar results; and the boy, being possessed with a strong mercantile spirit, was, as his brother says, perpetually trading. The Buddhists would easily explain this phenomenon of life: they would assert that Mr. B. had been a pedler in a former state of existence, and that "the cask had retained its odour" even to another birth into being, and thus the mercantile spirit, born with him and setting in with a strong flood from his earliest childhood, carried him forward in a successful line of business till he attained a high position of wealth and influence.

The Chinese, by the same convenient law of transmigration, show that in some former "*culpa*" or age, they were all a nation of small merchants. Nothing has greater charms for them than a bargain. In all smaller transactions there is no hope of securing a purchase on fair terms without much higgling about the price to be paid. The law of wholesale and retail dealing is nowhere better understood; careful scraping together of small coin is nowhere more generally practised, though perhaps even they might learn a lesson of our "Successful Merchant," who, as we read, began his mercantile career "by begging and obtaining leave from his mother to scrape together the treacle which ran over to waste and sell it for himself."

Almost every Chinaman is, by a kind of natural instinct, good both at cooking and at bargaining. It is in the latter capacity more especially that we have now to speak of him, though we cannot help being reminded of the former also by the contents of the baskets before us.

The scene represented in our etching is common to every Chinese street on a market-day. The figure with the steel-yard is purveyor in some gentleman's family—possibly a cook in some foreigner's house. He is evidently made up for

work; his cap is tightly bound to his head with his plaited queue, which serves this and many other useful purposes; his purse, made of stout cotton cloth, finished off at the corner with tassels, is slung over his shoulder. It contains the cumbrous coinage of the country—strings of a thousand copper coins, divided into hundreds for the convenience of trade. He is girt for his work: a blue or black sash gathers his long robe round his loins, so that the free motion of his limbs is not impeded. The other figure is that of the market-man, who has brought his poultry into the city for sale. That they are both good at a bargain, and will not do discredit to their national character, no one can doubt who marks the expression of their countenances, which tells us that a dispute is taking place as to the weight of the poultry, or as to the price to be paid for them. The steel-yard, consisting of a mahogany rod marked at different distances by small brass studs, is in the act of being used to weigh the struggling poultry. This steel-yard is a source of perpetual strife between buyer and seller. There is no officer appointed by Government, like our inspector, to regulate weights and measures. Every householder has his own steel-yard differently gra-

duated; so that the seller of the goods has to look closely after his own interest. Here is a fine field for one imbued with the mercantile spirit! He will find both his talent and his temper constantly exercised. A Billingsgate fishwife has passed into a proverb with us; but in China every street on a market-day is a Billingsgate, and unseemly rancour constantly disturbs the quiet of the householder. The foreigner has no chance in this strife with the Chinaman; he does not attempt to compete with him in this respect, but secures, if possible, the services of one who will only take the accustomed percentage off the bargain transactions of the daily market. Happy may he consider himself who has a servant so far honest that he will keep within the reasonable bounds of ten per cent. profit on all purchases, and who professes, besides this amiable quality, that he will not suffer any one but himself to impose upon his master!

Many very amusing scenes do the markets of China offer to the observation of the foreigner. Our friend in the picture, if he had not succeeded in selling his poultry in the forenoon, would sit before them, making up balls of moistened pollard, and then proceed to thrust these down their throats. There is no concealment about this; it is done in

the face of the whole market, and is considered a legitimate mode of increasing both their bulk and weight. By a deception, even worse than this, flabby fish are made to appear plump and good—a reed is inserted, and they are then blown out, so as to present a marketable appearance. When a purchaser of the poultry arrives, the struggling chicken, duck, or goose is seized by the feet, and being firmly bound by a wisp of twisted straw, is hung on to the steel-yard to be weighed. If the price is agreed upon, the purchaser transfers the suspended fowl from the hook of the steel-yard to repose in the bottom of his own basket. Are you a customer seeking for fish, you will find abundance; chiefly large carp, swimming about in flat tubs. These are all ringed ready for sale. If you name the size you want, the fishmonger instantly pounces upon one, suspends it by the string which is passed through the nose, and deposits it by the side of the chicken in the basket.

The market supplies you with a great variety of good provision. Here are snake-like eels wriggling and intertwining in large pans; there pails of oysters without their shells, just brought, on the backs of strong coolies, a distance of twenty miles. Here, again, are crabs of every size, from the little

brown variety, which, for two months in the year, are eaten raw and *alive*, being merely dipped into a saucer of vinegar on their way to your mouth; or, if you prefer them, there is the large kind which have been preserved in brine, and which, like the beef-hams of America, to cook is to spoil. On that side you will find *bêche de mer*, or its counterfeit, the skin of the pig stewed in oil, which tempt the palate of the epicure. More tempting still, and a more expensive luxury, are the bright green frogs which peep at you from the rush-bottomed baskets, and greet you with a croak; and the brown turtle or land tortoise, whose hawk-like mouths are secured, lest they should grip the finger of the purchaser. There, again, are cockles, periwinkles, muscles, and other nameless shell-fish piled in baskets. All alive, or packed in ice, or preserved in salt, are fish, large and small, good and bad, adapted to the means of all customers. The cuttle-fish swims in its own inky liquid, tempting the man of moderate means, who cannot afford the richer delicacies. Of poorer food still, there are the different kinds of sea-weed, brown and green; or refuse shrimps dried and salted, forming a cheap relish for the cottager's rice. All vegetable produce is there—sweet potatoes, yams, taros, turnips, carrots,

beans, peas, and cabbages, melons and cucumbers, according to the season.

On the butchers' stalls hangs flabby pork, which skill in cooking makes fit for the table of the epicure. If you must have mutton and beef, and if no foreign community have called this into requisition, that stall by the side of the street will supply you with cow-beef, stewed tender, at a cheap rate. If you must have mutton or lamb, you may have to put up with the flesh of the goat or kid, until a sufficient number of European residents have called for a supply.

A sufficiency of good food will be found in most markets to satisfy your utmost need. Only send out a trusty and clever servant in the early morning, with a few strings of copper coins in his money-bag, and he will bring you home a supply, which, with that other indispensable member of a household—a good cook—will make such a dinner as would content even the most fastidious of all deities.

A TEA PORTER.

銅匠

THE BRAZIER.

No. 30.

THE BRAZIER.

INGENUITY is a gift largely bestowed upon the Chinaman; it is, indeed, one of his most marked characteristics—but it is ingenuity of that peculiar kind which works with very slender materials.

"*Multum in parvo*" would form an appropriate motto on the boxes of all the community of hawkers; it would be peculiarly appropriate over our engravings of the cook-shop, nor is it much less so in our present etching.

Our travelling tinker, or brazier, belongs to no roving gipsy tribe, so as to afford us materials of interest in habits of life, feelings, language, religion, &c. He is one of the people, and differs in nothing from their ordinary character. Yet our sketch may prove one of considerable interest, if we can but understand the neat little contrivances and appliances for the execution of the tinker's

work. This shall be my attempt in this paper, though I rather fear falling into the matter-of-fact style of the encyclopædist.

The two oblong boxes contain everything necessary for the working-brazier's trade: they form, indeed, a complete laboratory. With these by his side, the tinker seeks for no extraneous aid, save, it may be, a few sticks of charcoal, which every household readily supplies. These boxes are carried at the intersection of the tough bamboo splines by the stout hooked pole, which appears at the back. As the tinker jogs along, seeking for employment, those pieces of brass, which dangle on a string, strike against each other and save him the exercise of his voice; they serve him the purpose of a street-cry. Every trade has its own particular rattle or call, and this of the tinker is as effectual, that is, as noisy, as any. The auger described in the sketch of the Needle-maker, which works backwards and forwards by means of a winding cord or thong, something like the spinning-mill of children, is seen hanging on the frame of the box. This instrument drills its holes with great speed and accuracy, and is used by most of the trades. The mender of broken pottery employs it with much success in preparing holes for

the metal rivets with which he fastens the cracked or broken cup, tumbler, flower-glass, or lamp-globe, which native or foreigner may consign to his care. The carpenter could not carry on his work without its aid: it serves him instead of a dozen gimblets. The brazier finds it indispensable in all his mendings of broken pots and pans. The top of one of the boxes is fitted with a strong file working in a slide; files of a smaller size will be found among the other tools in the drawers. The box before which the tinker sits is called a "wind-box;" it is his bellows, and as he draws the handle backwards and forwards with even motion, a continuous current of air rushes down the bamboo tube, and blows up the charcoal fire contained in the iron pan. There is only room for one drawer in this bellows-box, which, in the engraving, is represented open. The other is fitted up according to the common custom of the country, or the taste and fancy of the individual workman, and divided into several compartments, which contain his tools, hammers, pincers, nails, odd pieces of brass, lead, resin, soldering-irons, &c., &c.

The utensils, which are represented as broken, and lying ready for the exercise of the tinker's

skill, deserve a few lines of description. One of these may, perhaps, be guessed from its shape. It is a kind of hookah for smoking tobacco through water. A small tube, movable at pleasure, descends into the water contained in the lower part of the bowl. A pinch of tobacco, reduced to a powder almost like snuff, is inserted by the finger and thumb in the top of the tube; a lighted paper-match being applied, in about half-a-dozen strong whiffs, the pipe is exhausted; the tube is removed, the ashes are blown out upon the boarded floor, and the pipe is again ready for use.

The other broken vessel is quite a curiosity in its way. It serves instead of a stove, and is used as a warming-pan for the feet in the cold season. Stoves, or open fire-places, for the purpose of warming apartments, are, so far as I have yet seen or heard, unknown, save in the north of China. The substitute for them is increase of clothing, and, among the women chiefly, one of these pans. They are very simple in construction and very effective. The size and form are seen in the drawing; the perforated lid is movable and fits on like the top of a saucepan. The fuel is peculiar; whoever the inventor is, he well deserves a patent. Fine char-

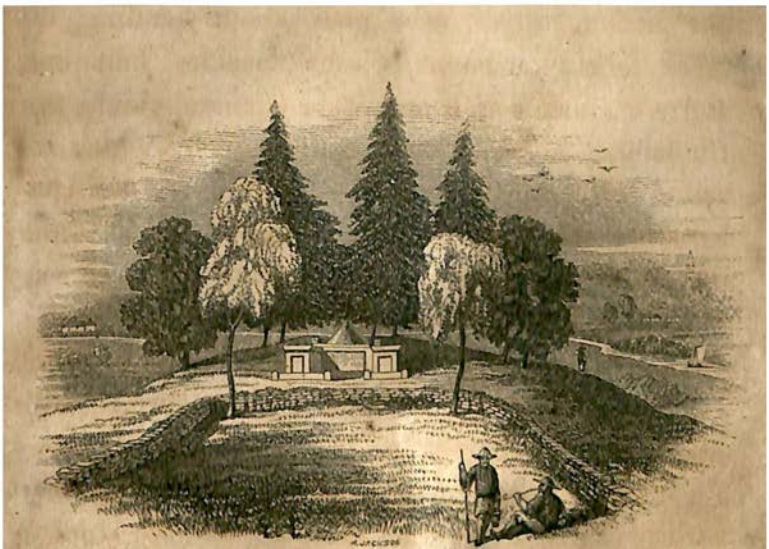
coal dust is mixed with rice-water, or thin paste, or any gelatinous substance; when made sufficiently damp to bind together it is pressed into a small iron mould, and, turned out, is left to dry and harden in the sun. Each of them will weigh about two ounces. When the pan is used it is filled three-parts full with wood-ashes. Two or three of the charcoal balls are then laid in a clear fire, and when heated red-hot are put carefully into the bed of ashes, and lightly covered over with them. The lid is then put on, and the fire-balls will keep burning at a red heat *for twelve or fifteen hours*, without being touched. The quantity of charcoal consumed, extended as it is over so many hours, can do no injury to the most delicate constitution.

During all the past winter I have had one of these in constant use; experience proves it an invaluable aid to those who suffer from cold feet; it will serve either for the room, or it may be used in the carriage, or the deck of a steam-boat, or the pew of a cold church, and may conclude its services at night by lying for ten minutes under the bed-clothes, doing its work as a warming-pan, without trouble, expense, or danger. With Chinese nurses

it is a great favourite; it serves to dry any damp towel or cloth, and even serves to iron out small articles of clothing. It is carried by a handle, which appears in our picture to be broken; upon this the tinker's art is next to be employed.

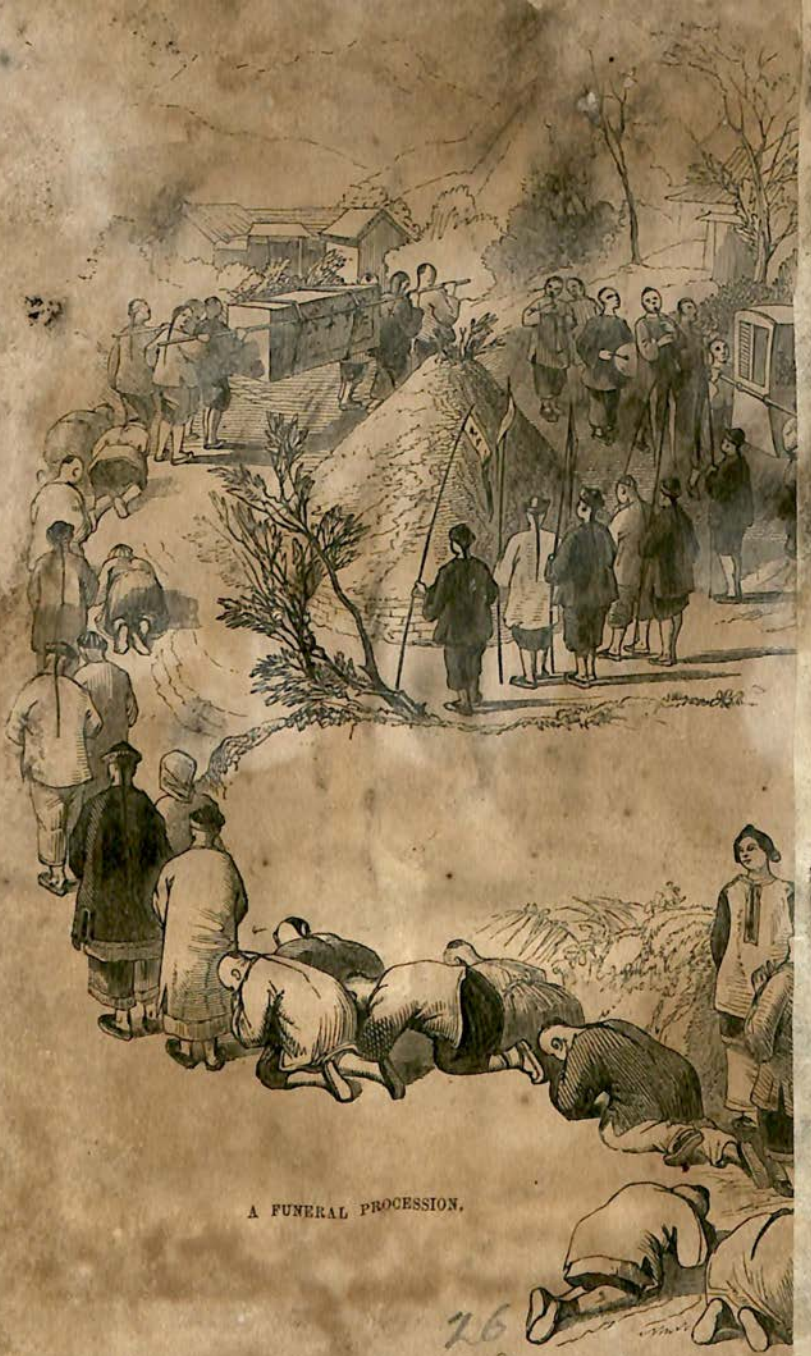
Nowhere is there so extensively ramified a system of pedler's work as in China. Not only the pedler proper, who goes about vending his tapes, buttons, ribbons, scissors, needles, hair-pins, and a thousand and one other nicnacs, chiefly for the ladies; not only the market-man, who goes his round with fruit, vegetables, or flowers; the confectioner, who carries about trays of cakes and biscuits, and who tempts your palate with iced sea-weed jelly in the heat of summer; not only the cook, who gratifies your taste with delicious stews, and shows you white balls of flour stuffed with sweetmeat dancing merrily in a luscious sauce; not only the fisherman, who appears with every variety of marine product, from the vile sea-weed to the magnificent *tsze-yu* fish; but in a word, every trade has its travelling representative. Is any crockery broken in your house, does any water-jar without require mending, is a patch needed in your cloth or leather shoe, is a tooth of your head ach-

ing, or does tea-pot or kettle need soldering? Only set your servant to watch, the particular "cry" which belongs to each trade will soon be heard, the artizan steps into your court-yard, and is soon busy at his work, and, provided always the sum to be paid has been previously settled, will soon complete it to your satisfaction.



CHINESE TOMB.

WOODFALL AND KINDER, PRINTERS, ANGEL COURT, SKINNER STREET, LONDON.



A FUNERAL PROCESSION.

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